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THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

A

POEM in Ten Books.

To which is added,

DAVID'S LAMENTATION over SAUL and JONATHAN.

By that distinguished Historian and Poet,

MR. THOMAS ROWE,

Author of the eight Lives published as a Supplement to PLUTARCH, and Husband to the celebrated Mrs. ELIZ. ROWE.

Joseph with Heav'n great favour found;
Pharoh advanc'd him high:
Kindness for ill to his Brethren shew'd;
Jacob to him brought nigh.

GLASGOW:

Printed by WILLIAM SMITH:

And Sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country.

MDCCLXXXIII.

THE

HISTORY

OF

JOSEPH.

A

POEM, in Ten Books.

BRITISH MUSEUM

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF Mr. THOMAS ROWE.

OCCASIONED BY

Mr. ROWE's Lives being tranſlated into French, by the learned Abbe BELLENGER, and publiſhed at Paris and Amſterdam with Monſieur DACIER's tranſlation of Plutarch.

Nunquam ego, te vitâ frater amabilior,
Aſpiciam poſthac? at certè ſemper amabo,
Semper mœſta tuâ carmina morte legam.

CATULL.

O FRIEND! O brother! can thy dear-lov'd name
Riſe to my view, nor pious ſorrow claim?
O early fled to thy congenial ſkies,
E'er I could know thy matchleſs worth to prize!
Now ripen'd judgment gives that worth to ſee,
And next a father loſt, I mourn for thee;
For thee, whoſe friendſhip had that loſs ſupply'd,
In youth my guardian, and in age my guide.
Thy voice had taught to bend my ſtubborn will,
Lur'd me to good, and warn'd my wiſh from ill.

While Virtue, in thy life to ſight conſeſt,
With heav'nly charms had vanquiſh'd all my breaſt,
With borrow'd vigour I had learn'd to tread
The path ſhe points, by thy example led:
Now, my guide loſt, I trace the arduous way
With feeble ſtep, and ſcarce forbear to ſtray.
O friend! O brother!—but why thus again
Will theſe dear names my tortur'd mem'ry pain!
Forever gone, thou wilt not leave the ſkies,
For friendſhip's wild complaints, or nature's cries.
Ah! what avail'd with ſtudious toil t' explore
What ancient ſcience taught, or modern lore,
Since not the treaſur'd ſtores of wiſdom ſave
The laurel'd head from the devouring grave!
Yet if, bleſt ſpirit, minds celeſtial know
To joy at honours paid their names below,
Hear Philomela's * ſtrains rehearſe thy praiſe,
While ev'ry muſe inſpires the moving lays:
Lays that ſhall laſt, while virtue boaſts to warm
The gen'rous breaſt, or ſacred verſe can charm:
And ſee thy works thro' foreign nations known,
France marks their worth, and makes thy Lives her own: †
And conſcious of their right to equal fame,
The rival volume joins with Plutarch's name.

THEOPHILUS ROWE.

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* Meaning the Elegy Mrs. ROWE wrote on his death, which is deſervedly ranked among the moſt admirable of her poetical works.

† Alluding to the eight Lives he publiſhed as a Supplement to PLUTARCH's Lives, and tranſlated into French.

THE HISTORY OF *JOSEPH*: A POEM.

BOOK I.

An Invocation of the Divine Spirit. A Deſcription of the Temple of Molock, *in the Valley of* Hinnon, *where a Congreſs of infernal Powers are met to contrive ſome Method to extirpate the* Hebrew *Race.*

CELESTIAL Muſe that on the bliſsful plain
Art oft invok'd, to guide th' immortal ſtrain;
Inſpir'd by thee, the firſt-born ſons of light
Hail'd the creation in a tuneful flight;
Pleas'd with thy voice, the ſpheres began their round,
The morning ſtars danc'd to the charming ſound;
Yet thou haſt often left the cryſtal tow'rs,
To viſit mortals in their humble bow'rs.
Favour'd by thee the courtly ſwain of old,
Beneath mount Horeb ſacred wonders told,

Of boundleſs chaos, and primæval night,
The ſprings of motion and the ſeeds of light,
The ſun ſtood ſtill, to hear his radiant birth,
With the formation of the balanc'd earth.
The moon on high check'd her nocturnal car,
And liſt'ning ſtaid, with ev'ry ſing'ring ſtar.
The hills around, and lofty Sinah heard
By whoſe command their tow'ring heads were rear'd,
The flow'rs their gay original attend;
Their tufted crowns the groves, adorning, bend.
The fountains roſe, the ſtreams their courſe withheld,
To hear the ocean's wond'rous ſource reveal'd.
The birds ſit ſilent on the branches near,
The flocks and herds their verdant food forbear.
The ſwains forgot their labour while he ſung,
How, from the duſt, their great forefather ſprung:
A vital call awoke him from the ground,
The moving clay obey'd th' almighty ſound.
Thus ſung in lofty ſtrains the noble bard;
The heaven's and earth their own formation heard.
But thou, propitious Muſe, a gentler fire
Didſt breathe, and tune to ſofter notes the lyre,
When royal Lebanon heard the am'rous king
The beauties of his lov'd Egyptian ſing:
The ſacred lays a myſtick ſenſe infold,
And things divine in human types were told.
Diſdain not, gentle pow'r, my ſong to grace,
While I the paths of heav'nly juſtice trace;
And twine a blooming garland for the youth,
Renown'd for honour, and unblemiſh'd truth.
Let others tell of ancient conqueſts won,
And mighty deeds by favour'd heroes done;
(Heroes enſlav'd to pride, and wild deſires)
A virgin Muſe, a virgin theme requires;

Where vice and wonton beauty quit the field,
And guilty loves to ſtedfaſt virtue yield.
Jacob, with Heaven's peculiar favour bleſt.
Leaving the fertile regions of the Eaſt,
(Where Haran, then a noble city, ſtood,
Between fair Tigris, and Euphrates flood)
From Laban fled, and by divine command
Purſued his journey to his native land.
Loaded with wealth, his num'rous camels bore
His wives, his children, and his houſhold ſtore:
Of purchas'd ſlaves he led an endleſs train,
His flocks and herds engroſs'd the wide champain.
The ſhepherd's art was all his fathers knew,
His ſons the ſame induſtrious life purſue.
The God his pious anceſtors ador'd,
Th' almighty God, at Bethel, he implor'd:
An altar there, with grateful vows he rear'd,
Where twice the radiant viſion had appear'd;
The pow'rs of hell the dreadful omen fear'd:
Each dæmon trembles in his hollow ſhrine,
The raving prieſts amazing Things divine.
In Hinnon's vale a fane to Moloch ſtood,
Around it roſe a conſecrated wood;
Whoſe mingled ſhades excluded noon-day light,
And made below uninterrupted night.
Pale tapers hung around in equal rows,
The manſion of the ſullen king diſcloſe;
Seven brazen gates its horrid entrance guard;
Within the cries of infant ghoſts were heard;
On ſeven high altars riſe polluted fires,
While human victims feed the rudy ſpires.
The place, Gehenna call'd, reſembled well
The native gloom and diſmal vaults of hell.

'Twas night, and goblins in the darkneſs danc'd,
The prieſts in frantick viſions lay entranc'd;
While here conven'd the Pagan terrors ſat,
In ſolemn council, and mature debate,
T' avert the ſtorm impending o'er their ſtate.
Th' apoſtate princes with reſentment fir'd,
Anxious, and bent on black deſigns conſpir'd
To find out ſchemes ſucceſsful to efface
Great Heber's name, and cruſh the ſacred race;
From whence they knew, the long predicted king,
Th' infernal empire's deſtin'd foe ſhould ſpring;
Who conqu'ror o'er their vanquiſh'd force ſhould tread,
And all their captive chiefs in triumph lead.
Th' affair their deepeſt policy commands,
And brought them hither, from remoteſt lands;
From Ur, Armenia, and Iberia's ſhores,
From Nile, and Ophir rich with golden ores,
And where the Adrian wave, and where th' Atlantick roars.

Neſroth appears, his amber chariot drawn
With ſnowy ſteeds; him at the riſing dawn
The Syrian worſhips from his airy hills,
Whoſe vales with wealth the fam'd Araxis fills.
Belus forſakes his high frequented domes,
And o'er the famous plains of Shinah comes:
Plegor deſcends his mount; to him were paid,
With impious rites, libations for the dead.
Imperious Rimmon came, whoſe manſion ſtood
On the fair banks of Pharphar's lucid flood.
Oſiris left his Nile, and thund'ring Baal
The rock, whence Arnon's plenteous waters fall.
Mithra, whom all the Eaſt adores, was there;
And like his own reſplendent planet fair,

With yellow treſſes, and enchanting eyes
Diſſembling beauty, would the fiend diſguiſe.
Nor fail'd a deity of female name,
Aſtarte, with her ſilver craſcent came:
Melita left her Babylonian bow'rs; [flow'rs,
Where wanton damſels, crown'd with bluſhing
In all the ſummer's various luſtre gay,
Deteſted Orgies to the goddeſs pay. [poſe,
These various pow'rs, their various ſchemes pro-
But none th' aſſembly pleas'd, till Mithra roſe;
(Of an alluring mien above the reſt)
Who thus th' apoſtate potentates addreſs'd.
Mankind by willing ſteps to ruin move,
Their own wild paſſions their deſtruction prove,
But the moſt fatal is forbidden love.
Old Jacob boaſts a daughter young and fair,
Fond Leah's glory and peculiar care:
Her eyes inflame the gazing Pagans hearts,
Young Shechem has already felt their darts;
Who lately ſaw her with her virgin train,
Near Shalem, wand'ring o'er the dewy plain.
I'll fill his youthful breaſt with mad deſire,
By fraud, or force, his wiſhes to acquire.
The coming day he does a feaſt prepare,
By me inſtructed how to hide the ſnare:
Fair Dinah is his ſiſter's promis'd gueſt,
Impatient love will ſoon complete the reſt.
The damſel's wrongs her brothers will inflame
To right, with hoſtile arms, the Hebrew's ſhame;
By which provok'd, the Canaanites ſhall join
With us t' aboliſh this deteſted line.
Revenge and bloody faction are my care,
Moloch replies, thine be the ſoft affair;

Without Inſtructions thou canſt act thy part,
Well-practis'd in the nice alluring art;
Euphrates' banks, and Senac's conſcious ſhades,
Atteſt thy freedom with th' Aſſyrian maids:
Thy voice, applauded in the heav'nly groves,
Was there devoted to terreſtial loves:
Thy ſacred lyre to human ſubjects ſtrung,
No more with tireſome Hallelujahs rung;
This grac'd thy hand, a quiver hung behind,
Nor fail'd thy ſparkling eyes to charm the beauteous kind.
The bold example of thy looſe amours,
Prevail'd on numbers of the heav'nly pow'rs
Who vainly had the firſt probation ſtood,
Proof to ambition, obſtinately good.
Long after I, with my aſſociates, fell;
Thy friends enlarg'd the monarchy of hell;
On ſofter motives you abhorr'd the ſkies,
Allur'd by womens captivating eyes:
The ſons of God thus with the race of man
Were mingled; hence the giant ſtock began.
Our plot requires us now, and if it fail,
I'll, in my turn, the hated tribe aſſail;
Domeſtick faction may at laſt prevail.
Joſeph, his doting father's life and joy,
By well-concerted means we muſt deſtroy;
This youth, above the reſt, excites my fear,
Divine preſages in his face appear;
Officious Gabriel's care to him confin'd,
Fortels a man for mighty things deſign'd:
His brethren, acted by my pow'rful fire,
Againſt his envy'd life ſhall all conſpire.
Joſeph remov'd, old Jacob's greateſt prop,
The race ſhall mourn, in him, their blaſted hope.
Here Moloch ceas'd; th' infernal ſpirits roſe,
Crowning the double plot with vaſt applauſe.

BOOK II.

Jacob's *Daughter dishonour'd by* Shechem, *Prince of the* Hivites. *Her Brothers revenge the Injury. The Patriarch relates to his Sons* Abraham's *Conquest over the King of* Elam *and his Royal Confederates. He rescues* Lot, Melchisedech *meets and blesses* Abraham. *The intended Sacrifice of* Isaac.

YOUNG Shechem all the night impatient lay,
And sought with eager eyes the breaking day;
With ardent longings waits the promis'd hour,
And fancies all his wishes in his pow'r:
Aner, his friend, improves the fatal fire,
And sooths, with flatt'ring scenes, his wild desire.
Sidonia, guiltless of her brother's snares,
To grace her lovely Hebrew guest prepares;
Who with her young companions now appears,
Too innocent for nice reserves, or fears.
Her artless looks, nor tim'rous, nor assur'd,
With easy charms the Jebusites allur'd:
A rosy tincture paints her guiltless face:
Her eyes, peculiar to her beauteous race,
Sparkle with life, and dart immortal grace.
Rich orient bracelets, round her snowy arms,
And faultless neck, improve her native charms.
The Hivite princes entertains the maid,
To Hamor's palace fatally betray'd;
Where, at the pomp of one suprising feast,
She meets the luxury of all the East.
Her thoughts the prond magnificence admire,
The people's customs, and their strange attire;

'Till modeſt rules, and the declining day,
With Leah's charge forbid her longer ſtay:
But, ah! too late, ſhe finds herſelf betray'd
To Shechem's pow'r, a loſt defenceleſs maid;
A captive in his treach'rous courts retain'd,
By fraud ſeduc'd, and brutal force conſtrain'd,
Her name diſhonour'd, and her nation ſtain'd.

In vain with tender ſighs he ſtrives to move
The injur'd fair to voluntary love;
The ſtricteſt rules of chaſtity ſhe knew,
With all that to her great deſcent was due;
But what with gentle arts he fails to gain,
His wild deſires by violence obtain.

The hateful tidings reach'd her father's ears,
And almoſt ſunk his venerable years:
Her brothers rage, and for revenge combine;
But guard with ſecret guile their black deſign.

The town in feaſts conſum'd the ſecond day,
And plung'd at night in fearleſs riot lay.
The reſtleſs ſhepherds ere the ling'ring dawn,
Each held his ſword, for horrid action drawn:
Surpris'd the city like a riſing flood,
Rag'd thro' the ſtreets, and bath'd their ſwords in blood.
The Hebrews, pleas'd with this ſucceſsful fate,
Sprung furious on, and forc'd the palace gate:
Fierce Simeon through the bright apartments flew,
And old and young, without deſtinction, flew.

Shechem, with reſtleſs paſſion ſtill inſpir'd,
Was with the charming Iſraelite retir'd;
And firſt by mad inſulting Levi found,
Without a pauſe he gave the deſp'rate wound.
Take thy diſpatch curſt raviſher for hell,
He ſaid; and down the bleeding victim fell:

His fatal miſtreſs turns away her eyes,
With horror ſeiz'd, and trembling with ſurpriſe.
The ſwains her roving vanity upbraid,
And to their tents the penitent convey'd.
Their father griev'd reproves the bloody fact,
But Judah thus defends the hoſtile act.
Should they, a race uncircumcis'd and vile,
With lawleſs mixtures Abram's flock defile?
Our wives and ſiſters in our ſight conſtrain;
While we, regardleſs of the ſhameful ſtain,
Stand tamely by, and ſcarce of wrong complain?
They firſt intrench'd on hoſpitable truſt,
And human faith;—our vengeance is but juſt.
Such juſtice never mingle with my fame,
Good Iſrael cries, nor ſpot my guiltleſs name!
The realms around, who idol Gods revere
Will this black deed with indignation hear;
And all their policy and rage unite,
To blot our odious mem'ry from the light.
So hell believ'd;—but Heav'n a ſacred dread
Of Jacob's ſons among the nations ſpread;
While he at Bethel with a pious flame,
Implores the great unutterable Name.
From thence to Mamre's peaceful plain retires,
Where Kiriath-arba lifts her golden ſpires:
Illuſtrious Arba built and nam'd the place,
The boaſted father of the giant race;
For them deſign'd the monſtrous plan appear'd,
To heav'n the threat'ning battlements were rear'd.
In careleſs joys and plenty here they live,
And to the neighb'ring ſwains protection give.
Beneath the hill, on which their city ſtood,
Aſcended high a venerable wood;

The solemn shades, which give a secret dread,
Conceal'd a vaulted structure for the dead,
Machpelah call'd, with wondrous labour wrought;
This Abram of the giant nation bought:
The cave, the wood, the springs, and bord'ring field,
Ephron, their prince, by public contract seal'd.
Here to their purchas'd right the shepherds drive
Their fleecy charge, and unmolested live;
While frequent through the consecrated ground,
Inscriptions and old monuments they found.
Where'er celestial visions had appear'd,
The pious worshippers an alter rear'd;
The mystick name to mortals long unknown,
Was deeply figur'd on the polish'd stone;
By marks engrav'd on arching rocks, 'twas seen,
That heav'nly pow'rs had there convers'd with men.
Remote from this a lofty pillar stood;
This Jacob to the rural concourse shew'd;
Here see, he said, the memory retain'd
Of Abram's conquest near Damascus gain'd.
To distant lands the Eastern rule was spread,
And Jordan's banks a yearly tribute paid:
The king of Sodom first contemn'd the yoke,
Admah and Zeboim next the treaty broke.
At this the royal Elamit enrag'd,
The neighb'ring kings, his great allies, engag'd;
Arioch and mighty Tidal join their force,
Conquest where'er they turn attends their course.
The Horims on mount Seir their valour prove,
Their troops the Emims from their fortress drove.
In Siddim's vale the adverse princes stay,
There Shibna, Bera, and Shemeber lay.
Amraphel early meets his doubtful foes,
And for the victory his ranks dispose;

But ſcarce th' encounter could be call'd a fight,
So ſoon the troops of Sodom took their flight:
The coward race, unus'd to charge a foe,
Their jav'lins, ſwords, and ſhields at once forego.
Some ſeek the woods, and ſome a ſhelt'ring cave;
Some in the rocks their breath, inglorious, ſave;
While others plunging down fair Jordan's tide,
From the ſtern looks of war their faces hide.
Th' invaders ſheath their ſwords, and ſcorn to grace
With martial deaths the deſpicable race,
Bera alone and Lot ſuſtain'd the field,
But preſs'd by numbers were compell'd to yield:
Theſe, with the riches of the town, a prey
To Paran's hills the conqu'rors bore away.
This Abram heard, and gather'd on the plain
A viliant band, his own domeſtick train:
His glad aſſiſtance Eſhcol brings, a youth
Of public honour, and unblemiſh'd truth;
With Aner, Mamre, dauntleſs both and young,
Brothers, all three from noble Amor ſprung.
'Twas night, ſecure the victor army lies,
Scornful of foes, and fearleſs of ſurpriſe;
By Heav'n's command a ſudden vapour ſpreads
O'er all the hoſt, and clouds their drowſy heads;
To the high throne of ſenſe ſoft ſlumber climbs,
Slackens their ſinews, and benumbs their limbs;
The captives eyes alone its force repel'd,
Nor to the pleaſing violence would yield.
Now near the camp the brave Confed'rates draw,
And by the glimm'ring fires its poſture ſaw:
The formoſt rank, the ſwift invaders ſlew,
And ſoon the waking pris'ners heard and knew
Their Active friends, that to their ſuccour flew.

Abram his nephew, he the reſt unty'd;
The ſleeping foe avenging ſwords ſupply'd:
From file to file the fearleſs brothers paſs,
And leave them breathleſs on the purple graſs.
Th' old patriarch feels new life in ev'ry vein,
And ſcatters wide deſtruction o'er the plain.
The terror grows, the claſh of arms, and cries
Of wounded men afflict the ambient ſkies.
Prince Arioch, ſtartled at the noiſe, awakes,
And from his eyes the fatal ſlumber ſhakes.
At oft-repeated calls his legions arm,
And madly haſte to meet the loud alarm;
But by a force more prevalent out-done,
On certain fate with eager ſteps they run;
Diſorder'd and amaz'd, they quite the field,
And, raving, to their unknown victors yield.

The morning roſe, and with her bluſhing light
Expos'd their damage, and inglorious flight;
The joyful ſhepherds ſeize th' abandon'd ſpoils:
And now returning from their martial toils,
A royal prieſt at Salem Abram meets,
With preſents, and a benediction greets
The Hebrew bands:—To heav'n he lifts his eyes,
And bleſt be that propitious pow'r he cries,
Who walks the cryſtal circuit of the ſkies;
Who hears the boaſts of mortals with diſdain,
Contemns their force, and makes their triumphs vain!
His mien was ſolemn, and his face divine,
Reſulgent gems around his temples ſhine:
His graceful robe, a bright celeſtial blue,
Trailing behind, a train majeſtic drew.
The tenth of all great Abram gives the prieſt,
The Kings and Amorites divide the reſt.

All pleas'd, the gen'rous cónqu'ror loudly prais'd,
And to his fame this lasting column rais'd.
The swains were list'ning still, when Jacob cries,
To yonder mountain now direct your eyes;
For there a brighter scene of glory lies.
'Twas there the wond'ring sun in Abram view'd
The noblest height of human fortitude;
The pious man in guiltless sleep lay drown'd,
When through his ears thunder'd this fatal sound,
Arise, and Isaac on mine altar lay,
With thy own hand the destin'd victim slay.
He starts, and cries, who can this thought inspire!
Can heav'n this monstrous sacrifice require!
The dreadful call again surpriz'd his ears,
And, lo! the well-known heav'nly form appears.
He bow'd, and at the purple dawn arose,
And with his darling to Moriah goes.
Astonish'd long he by the altar stood,
Then pil'd with trembling hands the sacred wood;
Half dead himself; the wond'ring youth he binds,
Who now his sire's severe intention finds.
What thoughts, he ask'd, my father, have possest
Your soul? what horrid fury fills your breast?
Am I to hell a sacrifice design'd?
Some cruel dæmon must your reason blind;
Th' unblemish'd skies abhor this bloody deed,
No human victims on their altars bleed.
'Tis heav'n, the Patriarch said, this fact requires,
'Tis heav'n—be witness you ethereal fires!
Yet, countless as the stars, from thee must spring
Victorious nations, and the *mystic King:*
'Tis past relief—yet by himself he swore,
Who from the dead thy relicks can restore;
What obstacle surmounts almighty pow'r?

This said, the pious youth resign'd his life;
Blest Abram shook off all paternal strife,
And forward thrust the consecrated knife.
As lightning from the skies, an angel broke,
And warded with his hand the fatal stroke;
When thus a voice streams downward from above,
Breathing divine beneficence and love.

By my great self I swear, to bless thy race
With endless favour and peculiar grace;
Thy sceptre'd sons the spacious East shall sway,
While vanquish'd kings obedient tribute pay.

Here Jacob ends, and to his tent retires;
Their fleecy charge the parting swains requires.

BOOK III.

The infernal Powers indeavour to raise Factions in Jacob's *Family.* Joseph's *Dreams. His Brothers Jealousy and Malice. He comes to* Dothan. *They confine him in a Pit while they consult his Ruin. An Angel in a vision presages to him his future greatness, and warns him of the snares of Beauty and unlawful Love. His Brothers spare his Life, and sell him to the* Midian *Merchants travelling with their spicy Traffic into* Egypt. Jacob, *obstinate in Grief, refuses all Consolation.*

MEAN time the Pagan deities, displeas'd
To find the public storms so soon appeas'd,
Studious attempt by new malicious ways,
Among the Hebrews civil jars to raise:

Moloch already had provok'd the ſtrife,
And kindling miſchief threatens Joſeph's life.
The lovely youth, fair Rachel's boaſted ſon,
Compleatly form'd, his ſeventeenth year begun;
His mother's ſparkling eyes, and blooming grace,
Mixt with ſeverer ſtrokes, adorn'd his face.
Not he that in Sabea's fragrant grove,
(As poets ſung) inflam'd the queen of love;
Nor Hylas, nor Narciſſus look'd ſo gay,
When the clear ſtreams his roſy bluſh diſplay.
In all his conduct ſomething noble ſhone,
Which meant him for a greatneſs yet unknown.
Viſions had oft' his riſing fate foretold:
The laſt to Jacob thus his lips unfold,
His brethren by:—when ſleep had clos'd mine eyes,
A corny field before my fancy flies;
(Still to my thoughts the yellow crop appears!)
My brothers with me reap'd the bending ears;
Induſtrious each a ſingle ſheaf had bound,
When theirs with ſudden motion mine ſurround,
And bow'd with proſtrate rev'rence to the ground.
But now my mind of rural buſineſs clear'd,
Above my head a wond'rous ſcene appear'd;
The moon and ſtars at higheſt noon ſhone bright,
Unconquer'd by the ſun's ſuperior light;
Methought I ſaw the gaudy orbs deſcend,
And at my feet with humble homage bend.
The ſhepherds hear his ſtory with ſurpriſe:
Muſt we thy vaſſals be? proud Aſhur cries,
With rage and threatning malice in his eyes.
At Mamre, Jacob and his fav'rite ſtay,
The reſt to Dothan's flow'ry meadows ſtray;
Infernal envy all their boſoms fires,
And black reſolves and horrid thoughts inſpires.

At laſt young Joſeph's murder is deſign'd:
Hell with the monſtrous treachery combin'd.
He comes to Dothan, by his father ſent,
And Heav'n alone his ruin can prevent.
Their guiltleſs prey he ſtands, without defence,
But inborn worth, and fearleſs innocence.
His brethren's crimes, his father's hoary hairs
Were all the ſubject that alarm'd his fears.
The fatal ſtroke they now prepare to give,
When Reuben's arts the hopeleſs youth retrieve,
By thus adviſing,—Let your brother live.
A thouſand eaſy methods yet remain,
To render all his glorious projects vain;
But till we have determin'd the deſign,
To yonder pit th' aſpiring boy confine.
To him they yield; and to their tents retire,
The fiends below their own ſucceſs admire.
The night prevails, and draws her ſable train,
With ſilent pace, along the ethereal plain.
By fits the dancing ſtars exert their beams;
The ſilver creſcent glimmers on the ſtreams;
The ſluggiſh waters, with a drowſy roar,
And ling'ring motion, roll along the ſhore;
Their murmur anſwers to the ruſtling breeze,
That faintly whiſpers through the nodding trees;
The peaceful echoes, undiſturb'd with ſound,
Lay ſlumb'ring in the cavern'd hills around;
Frenzy and faction, love and envy ſlept;
A ſtill ſolemnity all nature kept;
Devotion only wak'd, and to the ſkies
Directs the pris'ner's pious vows and eyes:
To God's high throne a wing'd petition flew,
And from the ſkies commiſſion'd Gabriel drew;

One of the ſeven, who by appointed turns
Before the throne ambroſial incenſe burns.
A ſudden day, returning on the night,
Vanquiſh'd the ſhades, and put the ſtars to flight;
Th' enlighten'd cave receives the ſhining gueſt,
In all his heav'nly pomp divinely dreſs'd;
He greets the youth, and thus his charge expreſs'd.
To-morrow thou muſt leave rich Jordan's ſhore,
And trace Moriah's ſacred hill no more;
A great and greateful nation yet unknown,
Sav'd by thy care, ſhall thee their patron own;
But let thy breaſt impenetrable prove
To wanton beauty, and forbidden love: [bow'd;
This heav'n enjoins.—The wond'ring ſhepherd
The angel mounted on a radiant cloud.
The morning now her lovely face diſplay'd,
And with a roſy ſmile diſpell'd the ſhade.
The faction roſe, and cloſe in counſel ſat,
On means that muſt determine Joſeph's fate;
Nor long they ſat, for on the neighb'ring road
A train of camels with their ſpicy load,
Follow'd by Midian merchants, travell'd by:
Heav'n marks the way, the envious brothers cry;
Whate'er th' ambitious dreamer's thoughts portend,
His hopes with theſe to foreign lands we'll ſend.
They ſtop the Midianites, and ſoon agree,
Reſolv'd no more his hated face to ſee.
With looks, which perfect inward anguiſh tell,
And falling tears, he took this ſad farewell.
I go to wander on ſome barb'rous clime,
May heav'nly juſtice ne'er avenge this crime!
Be ſtill indulgent to my father's age,
His grief for me with flatt'ring hopes aſſwage.

They hear, they ſee the anguiſh of his ſoul,
And ſcarce their ſtruggling pity can control;
Touch'd with ſo ſad a ſcene, they all begin
To feel remorſe for this unnatural ſin,
And half repent: but hate and envy prove
Their victor paſſions, and repreſs their love.
They form a ſpecious fraud to hide the deed
From their old ſire, and in the plot ſucceed.
Their brother's varied coat they ſtill retain'd,
And with a bleeding kid the veſtment ſtain'd;
With this to Mamre treach'rous Simeon goes,
Too well the loſt old man the relick knows.
After a diſmal pauſe, his ſorrow breaks
Its violent way, and this ſad language ſpeaks.
My ſon!—alas! ſome ſavage monſter's prey!
Why have I liv'd to this deteſted day?
Why have I lingred thus? I ſhould have dy'd,
When thy more happy mother left my ſide,
My beſt-lov'd wife:—but all my Rachel's face
I could in thy reſembling features trace.
Tormenting thought!—O hide me from the light!
Its uſeleſs rays afflict my feeble ſight:
Come lead me to the ſolitary grave,
Deſpair and woe that dark retirement crave;
There ſhall I, ſtretch'd upon my duſty bed,
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead.
In vain his friends attempt to bring relief,
In vain perſuade inexorable grief;
'Tis deep, and intermingled with his ſoul,
Nor time, nor counſel can its force control.

BOOK IV.

A description of Egypt, with the pyramids. Joseph sold by the Midian merchants to a captain of the royal guards. He leads him to his palace. Shews his wife the handsome captive. Her growing passion for him. A young Assyrian maid endeavouring to amuse and divert her mistress, tells her the story of Ninus and Semiramis.

MEAN while thro' savage woods, and desarts vast,
The captive with his Midian masters past.
At last rich Egypt's pleasant coasts are seen,
The level meads dreſt with immortal green;
Between them fertile Nile directs his course,
And nobly flows from his immortal source.
Along the borders of the sacred flood,
Aspiring groves and stately cities stood:
Here ancient Tanais in her height appear'd,
Before Amphion's lute the Theban wall had rear'd.
The sun's devoted city, radiant On,
With roofs emboss'd, and golden foliage shone;
Ere skilful Vulcan was at Lemnos nam'd,
Or Cynthia's darts, or shields for Pallas fram'd.
Distinct from these, on the Pelusion strands,
Ansana crown'd with silver turrets stands;
Rais'd to its height, as old tradition tells,
By pow'rful magic, and secur'd by spells:
Th' Egyptian wizards here themselves immure,
Converse with hell, and practise rites impure.

Now mighty pyramids the ſight ſurpriſe,
On Maſre's plain the ſpiral tow'rs ariſe.
Redouſa here magnificently ſhrouds
Its lofty head among ſurrounding clouds:
By Saurid built, the daring ſtructure ſtood
The fury of the univerſal flood.
Phacat and Samir's pointed tops aſcend,
And o'er the fields their lengthning ſhades extend;
Their compaſs ſacred to the dead remain,
Within eternal night and ſilence reign;
No lightſome ray ſalutes them from the ſky,
But glaring lamps depending from on high,
With ſickly gleams the hollow ſpace ſupply.
Here ancient kings, embalm'd with wond'rous coſt,
A long exemption from corruption boaſt:
In artful figures ſome are ſitting plac'd,
With fruitleſs pomp, and idle enſigns grac'd;
While others ſtretch'd in ſleeping poſtures lie,
On folding carpets of imperial dye:
Their hov'ring ghoſts, pleas'd with this mimic pride,
Among the breathleſs carcaſes reſide,
But what prodigious things within were ſhewn,
Were to the Hebrew ſtranger yet unknown,
Aſtoniſh'd at their outward bulk alone.

And now arriv'd where Zoan's wall inclos'd
Imperial tow'rs, the Midianites expos'd
Their fragrant traffic, with the handſome ſlave:
His mind beyond his years compos'd and grave;
His aſpect ſomething ſpoke divinely great,
Something that mark'd him for a nobler fate.

A generous captain, chief of Pharaoh's bands,
Admiring much the graceful captive, ſtands;
Then gives the Midianites their full demands.

A ſudden friendſhip in his breaſt he finds,
Experienc'd only by unvulgar minds:
Some heav'nly being had prepar'd his thought,
And on his heart the kind impreſſion wrought.
Without regret, young ſtranger, follow me,
Said Potiphar, I now have ranſom'd thee;
From ſervitude this moment thou art free.
The youth receiv'd the favour with a grace,
That anſwer'd all the promiſe of his face.
Fronting the royal houſe, a ſtructure crown'd
With turrets ſtood, and palmy groves around;
Diſcourſing, hither through the walks they went,
Both pleas'd alike, and equally content.
The ſeat they reach'd, when for a coſtly veſt
The maſter call'd; in this the youth they dreſs'd:
No more diſparag'd with a ſlave's attire,
His faultleſs ſhape and features all admire.
His hair, like paleſt amber, from his crown
In floating curls and ſhining waves fell down.
Young Paris ſuch ſurpriſing charms diſplay'd,
When firſt in gold and Tyrian ſilks array'd,
He laid his crook aſide, forgot the ſwain,
And bid adieu to Ida's flow'ry plain.
Then for his wife the captain bids them ſend,
And ſhews with boaſting joy his purchas'd friend.
The fair Sabrina, lately made his bride,
Was in her beauty's celebrated pride.
Her large black eyes ſhone with a ſprightly fire,
And love at ev'ry fatal glance inſpire.
The ſwarthy luſtre of her charming face
The full blown lily and the roſe diſgrace.
Her gloſſy hair outvy'd the raven's wings,
And curl'd about her neck in wanton rings.

Affectedly she took a careless view,
And to her own apartment soon withdrew.
Joseph belov'd and happy long remain'd,
And from his lord successive favours gain'd;
Who now at home grown prosp'rous, and abroad,
Believes his guest some favourable god:
He gives him o'er his house the full command,
Intrusting all his treasures to his hand.
Mean time Sabrina feeds within her breast
A secret fire, but shame its rage suppress,
When first she saw the charming Hebrew's eyes,
She felt, but well dissembled the surprise;
But through her various arts an inward care
The languors of her pensive looks declare.
Cyrena found the change, (a Syrian maid,
Well-born, but from her native coasts betray'd:)
She saw the change, but led by nicer laws,
Was thoughtless still of its reproachful cause.
Her voice, her easy wit, her eloquence,
Could hold the wildest passion in suspense:
Attending oft' her mistress to a grove,
Their usual walk with pleasing tales she strove
To entertain her thoughts, and charm her grief;
Nor fail'd her arts to give a short relief.
Her native clime the pleasing subject proves,
The Syrian pomp, their customs, and their loves:
Among the rest Sabrina hears her name
Semiramis, a queen of ancient fame,
And ask'd her now the story to relate;
Repos'd beneath a spreading palm they sat.

BOOK V.

The story of Semiramis, expos'd, when an infant, in the fields; where she is found, (covered with a rich embroidered mantle) by a peasant, who carries her to Simma, the chief of the king's shepherds, by whom she is married to Menon, the principal commander of the Assyrian forces. Menon being called to the siege of Bactria, she follows him in a martial disguise. Menon discovers her sex to the king, who marries her after the death of Menon.

THE maid begins.—Where fam'd Coaspes laves
Rich Elam's borders with his sacred waves,
Along the fields their tents the shepherds spread,
By them the king's unnumber'd flocks were fed.
The silent dawn was misty yet and gray,
And hoary moisture on the mountains lay.
Intent on rural cares, with early haste,
A peasant near a rocky cavern past;
Across his path was rais'd a mossy bed,
O'er that a rich embroider'd mantle spread;
This, lifted up, reveal'd a lovely child,
Which fairer than the rosy morning smil'd:
The wond'ring swain forgot his country cares,
And back to Simma's house the infant bears.
Simma his master was, though wealthy, just:
The royal lands and flocks were made his trust;
He riches still amass'd without an heir,
And seeing now the child surpassing fair,
He took and bred her with indulgent care:

In nothing he controls her growing years,
No coſt to pleaſe her boundleſs fancy ſpares.
When, by revolving moons, ſucceſſive time
Had brought her beauty to its perfect prime;
Her ſhape was faultleſs, and in all her mien
Preſaging marks of majeſty were ſeen:
No mortal e'er could boaſt ſo fair a face,
Such radiant eyes, and ſo divine a grace.
A flow'ry wreath her beauteous temples crown'd,
Her ſnowy veſt a crimſon girdle bound:
Thus dreſs'd, ſhe walks a goddeſs o'er the plains,
Admir'd and lov'd by all the gazing ſwains;
To her the fragrant tribute of the ſpring,
With am'rous zeal on bended knees they bring.
Not diſtant far from wealthy Simma's ſeat,
Heroick Menon own'd a fair retreat;
His rank, and early worth, the high command
Of all the fam'd Aſſyrian force had gain'd:
In peaceful times the chief whom all admir'd,
To prove a ſofter happineſs, retir'd;
'Twas here Semiramis his wiſhes fir'd,
With raviſh'd eyes her heav'nly face he view'd,
And for the glorious prize to Simma ſu'd;
Proffer'd with ſacred rites his vows to bind:
This honour pleas'd the haughty virgin's mind;
On meaner terms ſhe had his ſuit deny'd;
With virtue guarded and a noble pride,
The lover finds ſucceſs; but all his joys
A ſudden ſummons from the king deſtroys.
Bactria revolts; Ninus the tidings hears,
Himſelf in arms to meet the foe prepares.
But three ſhort days ungentle fate allows
Sad Menon, for his ſighs and parting vows:

He curſt his martial charge, and public fame,
And loaths th'incumbrance of a glorious name,
Which rends him now from all the joys of life,
His lov'd Semiramis, his charming wife.
She hears the king's command with leſs ſurpriſe;
And, Menon, baniſh all your care, ſhe cries:
We cannot—'tis impoſſible to part,
Love with heroick courage fires my heart.
To follow you through raging ſeas I'd go,
O'er burning deſarts, or perpetual ſnow.
By your example led, I ſhall not fear
The flying arrow, or the pointed ſpear;
Pierc'd with a fatal dart, were Menon by,
'Twould be a ſoft, an eaſy thing, to die.
Th'event be what it will, with you I'll run
To certain death, nor any danger ſhun;
Be witneſs to my vows thou radiant ſun!
Nor can th'advent'rous deed my conduct ſtain,
Secure with you the ſecret ſhall remain;
I boldly can defy all other eyes,
In threat'ning armour, and a martial guiſe.
New pleaſure fills the hero's breaſt, to find
Such beauty, love, and ſtedfaſt virtue join'd.
A thouſand kind tranſporting things he ſaid,
A thouſand vows of laſting paſſion made:
Then for a rich habiliment of war
He ſent, and dreſs'd himſelf the ſmiling fair.
A coſtly helmet glitter'd on her head,
On which a dove its ſilver pinions ſpread;
A plume of whiteſt feathers danc'd above,
With every trembling breath of air they move.
Th'embroider'd ſcarf that o'er her armour flow'd,
With dazzling flames of gold and ſcarlet glow'd.

Her hand a javelin ſhook with mimick pride,
A painted quiver rattled by her ſide.
Her height and mien adorn the warlike dreſs,
More vig'rous rays her charming eyes expreſs.
The courſer, of his beauteous burden proud,
With golden trappings bounded thro' the crow'd.
Menon, of Syrian arms the grace and pride,
Kept near the lovely maſquerader's ſide.
On Dura's plain the Babylonian force
In ranks attend their mighty leader's courſe.
While Ninus, graceful as a martial god,
Exalted on his glittering chariot rode.
The Bactrians their approaching foes diſdain,
Reſolv'd their fortreſs bravely to maintain;
And long the town with matchleſs courage held,
And oft' to flight th' Armenian troops compell'd:
'Till bold Semiramis, who danger ſought,
And fearleſs in the foremoſt ranks had fought,
Obſerv'd a rock, which o'er a caſtle lean'd;
The Bactrians this were careleſs to defend,
Believing it from all acceſs ſecure:
She finds a path among the cliffs obſcure;
Then with a choſen band intrepid gains
The top, and ſoon th' ungarded fort obtains.
The town thus made the fierce beſieger's prey,
To her they gave the conqueſt of the day.
All prais'd the youth, (for ſuch ſhe was believ'd)
Her bold addreſs each party had deceiv'd;
But Ninus moſt her fortitude admires,
He views her blooming youth, her race enquires.
Menon in dotage loſt, with fooliſh pride,
No more the fatal ſecret ſtrives to hide;
Nor once imagin'd this unlucky boaſt,
The joy all his future life muſt coſt.

Ninus with other eyes her beauty views,
In other terms his gratitude renews.
To Babylon return'd, he yet conceal'd
His growing flame, by Menon's worth withheld;
Too well he with a ſad reflexion knows,
What to his counſel, and his ſword he owes;
Theſe gen'rous ties at firſt his love oppoſe:
But nothing can th' increaſing rage reſtrain;
By gentle means he yet his end would gain.
Menon, he ſaid, my wiſhes to procure,
I'll give thee cities, and a boundleſs ſtore
Of gold, and precious gems; and for a bride,
A blooming princeſs to the crown ally'd:
All this, and more, to gain her love I'll give;
Without Semiramis I cannot live.
Reſenting Menon, with a handſome pride,
Refus'd his offers, and the ſuit deny'd.
The ſofter ſex he next attempts to gain;
She too rejects his paſſion with diſdain.
What now avail the glories of the Eaſt?
Nor wealth, nor empire can procure his reſt.
Tir'd with unheeded ſighs, and fruitleſs pray'r,
He tries more rig'rous means to eaſe his care;
And threatens thus:—With my deſires comply,
Or ſoon prepare to ſee your hero die.
From Menon this ſhe hides, who leſs ſevere
Obſerves her to the am'rous king appear:
His fondneſs with the jealous paſſion grows;
No joy, no lightſome interval he knows,
The mingled frenzy gives him no repoſe.
She falſe! he cries, my fair enchanting wife!
And can I yet protract this wretched life?
This anxious heart, with hopeleſs grief oppreſs'd,
In death's cold ſhade ſhall find perpetual reſt,

He said; then all the hostile stars defy'd,
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his side.
A long adieu! Semiramis, he cries;
With those lov'd accents on his lips he dies;
She hears the parting groan, and to his succour flies.
Sunk on the floor she sees her lover bleed,
Himself the author of the barb'rous deed;
But true to love, and virtue's strictest laws,
She neither knew, nor could suspect the cause.
Seiz'd with a sudden horror and surprise,
She faints, and near the breathless carcase lies;
Her frighted women to her rescue haste,
And wake the doubtful spark of life, at last.
A hollow groan ensues; with a feeble sight
She meets the day, and loaths the flashing light.
A stedfast sorrow in her face appears,
Above the soft relief of female tears;
Silent as death, her words no utt'rance find,
To tell the inward anguish of her mind:
A fixt, sedate, and rational despair
Compos'd her looks, and settled in her air.
In such a sullen calm the billows sleep,
So smooth an aspect wears the gloomy deep; [frain,
While treach'rous winds their gath'ring breath re-
Presaging tempests on the troubled main.
Th' impatient prince with just respect attends
Her ebbing grief, and long his flame suspends;
And long her stedfast thoughts relentless prove
To proffer'd empire, and inviting love;
Till fate itself her stubborn heart inclin'd
To take a crown, by all the stars design'd,
And fill a sphere proportion'd to her mind.
Ninus was now of ev'ry wish possest,
With sov'reign rule, and brighter pleasure blest:

But, ah! how short a boast has mortal joy?
What sudden storms the flatt'ring calm destroy?
What human privilege, what lawless pow'r
Can one short day retard th'appointed hour?
Thrice thro' the midnight silent, from the ground,
The startled monarch hears a warning sound;
Thrice Menon's ghost a frowning spectre stands,
And seems to beckon with his airy hands.
A sudden faintness seiz'd his trembling heart,
While hasty life retires from ev'ry part;
Speechless and pale his eye-balls roll in death,
While with reluctant pangs he yields his breath.
The mournful princess to his merit just,
With wond'rous pomp interr'd the royal dust:
High on a mount his sepulchre she plac'd,
With marble spires, and pointed arches grac'd.
She bids farewell to love's deceitful flame;
Resolv'd to leave behind a glorious name,
In costly structures of immortal fame.
A lofty dome to Belus first she built:
The inward roof with dazling silver gilt;
The god was fashion'd in a wond'rous mold,
With perfect art; his bulk was massy gold;
His sacred utensils were all the same,
While fragrant oils in golden sockets flame.
Old Babel next with boundless cost she wall'd;
And Babylon the spacious city call'd;
Its bounds with forts and battlements were crown'd;
And compass'd in an endless tract of ground,
Valleys and level'd hills the vast extent surround:
Where fronting ranks of palaces were seen,
With streams, and groves, and painted meads between.

Euphrates in its course the town divides,
While thro' the midst his stately current glides.
Around the place a hundred gates unfold,
Thro' which a hundred glitt'ring chariots roll'd;
Which all for state attend the queen's commands,
When she her progress makes thro' distant lands.
Resolv'd to visit now the neighb'ring Medes,
Her train she o'er the lofty Sagris leads.
At pompous Ecbatana now she staid,
And all her own magnificence display'd.
Gay projects here employ'd her active mind,
Gardens, and seats of pleasure she design'd;
Luxurious nature with her art combin'd.

Not far from thence a plain extended lay,
With stately groves and flow'ry verdure gay;
The spreading palm, the cedar, and the pine,
Arching above their mingled branches join.
Semiramis now turns an ancient flood,
With matchless labour, thro' the charming wood;
The plenteous stream in various rills divides,
While marble bounds confine the crystal tides.
In marble basons of an equal row,
Myrtle, and balm, and flow'ry Cassia grow.
Prodigious rocks intire were hither brought,
Smooth arches thro' their craggy sides were wrought:
Here artificial hills their summits rear,
For shade retiring grotts around appear.
In various bloom the valleys stood below,
From far the beauteous Syrian roses glow.
All that perfumes the blest Sabæan fields
Grows here, with all that sacred Nysa yields.
Here breath'd the fragrant Calamus, and Fir,
Cinnamon, Frankincense, and weeping Myrrhe.

Shrill birds among the ſpicy branches ſing,
Their warbling notes along the valleys ring:
The winds and waters with a gentle noiſe
Double the ſound, and anſwer ev'ry voice.

The queen a while had theſe diverſions prov'd,
And then her court to Babylon remov'd:
But, ah! what heights of happineſs are free
From fickle chance, or certain deſtiny?
The princeſs finds a ſwift decay control
The uſual force and vigour of her ſoul;
Nor ſtruggling nature could its force repel,
While heav'n and earth the public change foretel.

She from the oracle enquires th'event,
The flatt'ring prieſts this pleaſing anſwer ſent:
That from the Gods ſhe drew her heav'nly race,
And ſhortly muſt th'immortal number grace.
Pleas'd with the glories of her future ſtate,
She yields without reluctance to her fate.

Cyrena ends her tale; the cloſing day
Withdrew its ſplendour, and forbid their ſtay.

BOOK VI.

Joseph's mistress at last discovers her criminal passion to him, but is repuls'd. She complains to her nurse, who vainly tries the force of spells. She is sent by her mistress to Harpinus. His cell described. He consults the planets, and flatters her with success; till finding the Hebrew youth inflexible to all her charms, she falsly accuses him to his master by whom he is confined to a prison.

STILL with impatient love Sabrina pines,
And now to speak the fatal truth designs;
Sooth'd by her own indulgent hopes, which trace
A secret passion in the Hebrew's face.
He sighs, and when he thinks himself alone,
Oft seems some new misfortune to bemoan,
In foreign accents, and a tongue unknown.
Her vanity an explanation found,
And put a sense on every flatt'ring sound;
Forgetful of her nuptial vows and fame,
She fondly thus betrays her guilty flame.

If yet my torments are to thee unknown;
If yet my sighs the myst'ry have not shewn;
Insensible,—Let this confession prove
The strange excess, and grandeur of my love.
Yet had I still my wild desires suppress'd,
Had not thine eyes an equal flame confess'd.

Let me be punish'd with the last disdain,
He said, if e'er I harbour'd thoughts so vain!
I ne'er Sabrina's favour so abus'd,
Nor once your virtue in my heart accus'd.

Should I prefidious (Heav'n forbid!) offend
My gen'rous maſter,—I might ſay my friend;
Let ſcandal ſink my name, when ſo unjuſt
I prove, ſo falſe to hoſpitable truſt!
Thus with a modeſt turn he would reclaim
Her am'rous frenzy, and conceal her ſhame;
Nor waits her leave, but haſtily withdrew.
Careleſs her limbs upon a couch ſhe threw,
And curſt her folly with a thouſand tears;
Till Iphicle, her artful nurſe, appears:
Of ſo much grief ſhe preſs'd to know the cauſe;
At laſt the ſecret from her miſtreſs draws.
You wrong, the Beldam cries, your own deſert,
For you have charms, the youth a human heart.
Your beauty might a ſavage breaſt inſpire,
At ſight of you the coldeſt age takes fire.
But where's the wonder that a baſhful boy,
Should, at the firſt addreſs, be nice and coy?
He loves no doubt, and languiſhes like you,
But fears th'ambitious motive to purſue:
Nor ſhall your utmoſt wiſhes want redreſs,
I have a draught that gives divine ſucceſs;
Nepenthe, which th'immortals quaff above;
Theſe ſacred drops rewarded Chemis' love.
When Totis, by his death, the full command
Of Miſraim left in fair Charoba's hand,
The rich Gebirus from Chaldea came
With foreign pomp to ſeek the royal dame.
Chemis adorn'd his train, whoſe charming face
Allur'd a goddeſs of the wat'ry race;
On Nilus' banks the young Chaldean ſtood,
When, lo! Merina riſing from the flood,
Her chariot ſet with pearl, the wave divides,
Softly along the ſilver ſtream ſhe glides.

Her robes with pearl and ſparkling rubies ſhine,
Her brighter eyes expreſs a light divine.
Nor from her humid bed the blooming day
Has e'er aſcended with a clearer ray.
Her ſmiles the raging tempeſts could appeaſe,
Allay the winds, and calm the ſwelling ſeas.
She leaves her cryſtal vaults, and coral groves,
Her liquid kingdoms, and immortal loves,
And o'er the graſſy meads with Chemis roves.
At parting gave him this celeſtial ſpell,
Which ev'ry good procures, and can each ill repel.
My mother from this youth derives her line,
And this ſhe left me, as a gift divine,
By all her anceſtors preſerv'd with care;
One heav'nly drop ſhall baniſh your deſpair.
Her flatt'ring nurſe's charm ſhe vainly tries,
For Joſeph ſtill her hateful paſſion flies:
But obſtinate in love to gain her ends,
To fam'd Anſana Iphicle ſhe ſends.
Harpinus there an uncouth dwelling own'd,
Planted with yew and mournful cyprus round;
Whoſe ſhadows every pleaſing thought control,
And fill with deep anxiety the ſoul.
Hither black fiends at dead of night advance,
The horned Serim through the darkneſs dance;
From earth, from air, and from the briny deep
They come, and here nocturnal revels keep.
From gloomy Acheruſia, and the fen
Of Serbon, and the foreſt of Birdene;
From Ophiodes, the ſerpent iſle, they come,
And Syrtes, where fantaſtick ſpectres roam;
From Chabnus, and the wild Pſebarian peak,
Whoſe hoary cliffs the clouds long order break.

In helliſh banquets, and obſcene delights,
The curſt aſſembly here conſume the nights.
The ſick'ning moon her feeble light withholds,
In ſable clouds her argent horns ſhe folds;
The conſtellations quence their glimm'ring fire,
And frighted far to diſtant ſkies retire.
Amidſt theſe horrors, in his echoing cells,
And winding vaults, the Necromancer dwells:
Paſſing from room to room, the brazen doors
Reſound, as when exploded thunder roars.
The day excluded thence, blue ſulphur burns,
With frightful ſplendour, in a thouſand urns.
The wizard here employs his mighty ſpells,
And great events by divination tells;
Inſcribing myſtick figures on the ground,
And mutt'ring words of an unlawful ſound;
Which from their tombs the ſhiv'ring ghoſts compel,
And force them future ſecrets to reveal.
The ſtars he knew, when adverſe, or benign;
When with malignant influence they ſhine,
Or, darting proſp'rous rays, to love incline.
The nurſe a pleaſing anſwer here obtain'd,
And thus Sabrina's drooping thoughts ſuſtain'd.
The third ſucceeding day ſhall crown your love,
And every am'rous ſtar propitious prove.
Sabrina feeds the while her guilty flame,
And now the third appointed morning came;
When for the favour'd youth in haſte ſhe ſends:
The meſſage with reluctance he attends.
Silent ſhe ſits; while waiting her commands,
Fix'd at a formal diſtance long he ſtands.
Her eyes ſtill fix'd on Joſeph's beauteous face;
A cloſe contempt, and inward hatred trace;
Yet deſp'rate to compleat her own diſgrace.

Ungrateful youth! she cries, too well I find
By these cold looks, thy unrelenting mind,
Thy savage temper, and unconquer'd pride,
By words of sacred import thou wouldst hide,
Thou talk'st of holy ties, and rules severe,
Pretending some avenging God to fear.
What God, alas! does cruelty command?
Or human bliss maliciously withstand?
Such thoughts as these the heav'nly pow'rs arraign,
Efface their goodness, and their justice stain.
Would they the gen'rous principle control,
Who give this am'rous bias to the soul?
What nature is, they made it: nor can bind
With servile laws the freedom of the mind:
Were this our lot, happy the brutal kind,
That unmolested through the forest rove,
Licentious in their choice, and unconfin'd in love!
Virtue!—a mere imaginary thing!
Torment it may, but can no pleasure bring.
Honour!—'tis nothing but precarious fame,
For empty breath, for a fantastick name.
Wilt thou my soft intreaties still deny,
And see me languish, and unpity'd die?
Consent at last to love's enchanting joys,
While pleasure calls thee with her tempting voice:
The folding curtains shall our bliss conceal,
That no intruding eye our theft reveal.
Deluded fair! the noble youth replies,
Could we some artful labyrinth devise
To hide our sin, and far from mortal sight
Retire, involv'd in all the shades of night;
Yet there,—expos'd to Heav'n's unclouded view,
Its vengeance would our treachery pursue;

Diſtinguiſh'd plagues would ſoon our guilt expoſe,
While all your ſexes glory you muſt loſe.
To Potiphar alone your vows belong,
In him a tender lover you muſt wrong.
For me, where ſhould I hide my hated face,
Could I be conſcious of a crime ſo baſe?
No; let me through the yawning earth deſcend,
Rather than with ſuch inſolence offend
The laws of God, and kindneſs of my friend!
My maſter's favours, endleſs to recite,
When I with ſuch ingratitude requite;
When with a thought ſo horrid and profane,
My faith and ſpotleſs loyalty I ſtain;
Let wrathful light'nings flaſhing round my head,
And bolts of raging thunder ſtrike me dead!
Let execrations, and eternal ſhame
Deſtroy my peace, and blaſt my hated name!
  Theſe words with ſuch an awful air he ſpoke,
Celeſtial virtue ſparkling in his look,
His haughty miſtreſs all her hopes reſign'd,
And felt a diff'rent frenzy ſeize her mind:
Aſſiſting fiends the helliſh thought ſuggeſt,
And blot the tender paſſion from her breaſt.
A crimſon ſcarf with ornamental pride
Was o'er his graceful ſhoulders looſely ty'd;
This furiouſly ſhe ſnatch'd, while from th' embrace
He frees himſelf, and quits the hated place.
  She call'd aloud, her voice Cyrena hears,
And ent'ring ſaw her well-diſſembled tears;
A tale of proffer'd violence ſhe feigns,
And of the Hebrew's arrogance complains.
Alarm'd at her repeated calls, ſhe ſaid,
The monſter left his curſt deſign, and fled.

His ſcarf the truth confirm'd: her lord the while
Returns; her words his eaſy faith beguile:
Blinded with rage he calls the injur'd youth,
And thus upbraids his violated truth.
How can'ſt thou, wretch! belie a mind ſo baſe,
With that undaunted air, and guiltleſs face?
Hypocriſy ſo ſteady and compleat,
A villain, cautious as thyſelf, might cheat:
No wonder then thy practis'd ſaintly ſhews
Should on my honeſt artleſs mind impoſe.
My ſoul entire to thee I did reſign;
Except my bed, whate'er I had was thine.
In fetters let th' ungrateful ſlave be ty'd,
Some gloomy dungeon ſhall the monſter hide,
Dungeons, he ſaid, and chains I can defy,
But would not, curſt with your diſpleaſure, die.
This ſad reflexion aggravates my fate:
How ſhall I bear my gen'rous maſter's hate?
Oh, ſtay! at laſt my vindication hear,
While by th' Unutterable Name I ſwear,
My thoughts are all from this injuſtice clear.
He ceas'd, and ſtill Sabrina's ſhame conceals,
Nor one accuſing word her fraud reveals.
Now to a damp unwholſome vault convey'd,
Joſeph in ignominious chains is laid.

BOOK VII.

An angel visits Joseph in prison, and in a prophetic vision shews him his own advancement, and the future fate of his father's posterity, their bondage and miraculous deliverance. The keeper of the ward convinc'd of Joseph's innocence, treats him with great esteem. The dreams of his fellow-prisoners; and Joseph's interpretation.

'TWAS night, and now advanc'd the solemn hour;
The keeper of the prison, from his tow'r,
Astonish'd, sees a form divinely bright,
Smile through the shades, and dissipate the night;
With streaming splendor tracing all the way,
It enters where the new-come pris'ner lay.
Some God, he cries, who innocence defends;
Some God in that propitious light descends!
This stranger sure, whate'er the fact can be
Alledg'd against him, from the guilt is free.
The sacred vision to the youth appears,
His spirits with celestial fragrance chears.
His heav'nly smiles would ev'n despair control,
And with immortal rapture fill the soul.
His youthful brows a fair Tiara crown'd,
A folding zone his gaudy vestments bound,
Embroider'd high with Amaranthus round.
Such wings th' Arabian Phœnix never wore,
Sprinkled with gold and shading purple o'er.

Beneficent his aſpect and addreſs,
His lips ſeraphick harmony expreſs;
His voice might ſtay th' invading ſleep of death,
While theſe ſoft words flow with his balmy breath.
From the unclouded realms of day above,
From endleſs pleaſures, and unbounded love,
From painted fields deck'd with immortal flow'rs,
From bliſful valleys, and ethereal bow'rs,
I come, commiſſion'd by peculiar grace,
With great preſages to thy future race.
This Gabriel ſpoke; the pious Hebrew's breaſt
Prophetick flame and pow'r divine confeſt:
An awful ſilence, and profound ſuſpence,
Clos'd the tumultuous avenues of ſenſe;
The heav'nly trance, each wand'ring thought confin'd,
Collects the operations of the mind,
While Gabriel all the inward ſcene deſign'd.
Before him, rais'd to high dominion, all
His humble brethren in proſtration fall;
His joyful eyes again his father ſee,
He takes the bleſſing on his bended knee.
Vaſtly in numbers Jacob's ſons increas'd,
Poor vaſſals by th' Eygptians are diſtreſs'd,
And by a royal tyrant's yoke oppreſs'd:
To Heav'n they cry, an aid that never fails;
Heav'n hears the cry, the potent pray'r prevails.
A mighty prophet, by divine command,
Does bold before the raging monarch ſtand,
And brings his great credentials in his hand.
Acroſs the ground his wond'rous rod he throws;
The rod transform'd a moving ſerpent grows,
Unfolds his ſpeckled train, and o'er the pavement flows.

A dazzling train of miracles enſue,
Which ſpeak the prophet and his miſſion true.
The ſprings, the ſtanding lakes, and running flood,
His pow'rful word converts to reeking blood;
The wounded billows ſtain the verdant ſhore,
Advancing ſlowly with a mournful roar.
Infernal night her ſable wings extends,
And from the black unbottom'd deep aſcends:
The ſeer denounces plagues on man and beaſt;
Contagious torments ſoon the air infeſt;
Aloud he bids a ſudden tempeſt riſe,
On rapid wings the ſtorm obedient flies:
Th' extended ſkies are rent from pole to pole,
Blue lightnings flaſh, and dreadful thunders roll.
Nor yet th' obdurate king the God reveres,
Whom ev'ry element obſequious fears;
Till vengeful ſtrokes of pow'r confeſs'd divine,
With clear, but terrible conviction ſhine.
The night was cover'd with unuſual dread,
While ev'ry ſtar malignant influence ſhed.
Pale ſpectres through the ſtreets of Zoan roam,
From ſepulchres amazing echoes come;
While, like a flaming meteor, down the ſkies,
With threat'ning ſpeed the fatal angel flies.
Reluctant juſtice, with a grace ſevere,
Sits in his looks, and triumphs in his air.
A creſted helmet ſhades his awful brows;
Behind his military veſture flows,
And like an ev'ning's ruddy meteor glows.
He graſps his ſword, unſheath'd for certain fate,
Deſtruction, death, and terror on him wait:
Mortal the ſtroke, inviſible the wound,
While dying groans with mingled ſhrieks reſound.

From houſe to houſe the dreadful rumour runs,
While wretched fathers mourn their firſt-born ſons.
Th' alarm'd Egyptians, at the breaking day,
Hurry the ſacred multitude away:
But Pharaoh ſoon his daring ſin renews,
Blaſpheming loud the reſcu'd ſlaves purſues;
The fearful tribes ſtand trembling on the ſhore,
The foe behind, a raging ſea before.
Their glorious chief extends his pow'rful wand,
And gives the mighty ſignal from the ſtrand:
Th' obedient waves the mighty ſignal take,
And parting, crowd the diſtant ſurges back;
On either hand, like cryſtel hills, they riſe,
Between a wide ſtupendous valley lies:
With joyful ſhouts the grateful Hebrews paſs,
Nor does the harden'd foe decline the chace;
'Till Heav'n's command the watry chain diſſolves,
And in the whelming deep their pride involves.
While Iſrael through the deſart take their way,
Led by a cloud which marches on by day;
But reſting chear'd th' encamping hoſt by night,
With lambent flame, and unexampled light.
Where lofty Sinah ſhades the neighb'ring plain,
Commanded now the ſacred tribes remain:
Prepar'd with myſtick rites, to hear with awe,
Their Saviour God pronounce their future law:
Cloſe bounds the mountain guard from all approach,
That raſhly none the hallow'd place might touch.
Reluctant ſee th' appointed morning riſe,
And fiery ſplendors glow around the ſkies.
While from th' ethereal ſummit God deſcends,
Beneath his feet the ſtarry convex bends.
His radiant form majeſtick darkneſs hides,
While on a tempeſt rapid wings he rides.

The trembling earth his awful preſence owns,
The foreſt flames, the cleaving deſert groans;
Each river back his wand'ring current calls,
And ruſhing down the ſubterranean falls,
To the profoundeſt caves affrighted flies,
Reveal'd and bare each ſandy channel lies.
Their ſtately heads the ancient mountains ſink,
And to a level with the vales would ſhrink;
Again ſecure in their primæval beds,
Beneath the waves would hide their fearful heads.
Old Sinah quakes at the tremendous weight,
That preſs'd with awful feet his cloudy height;
Obſcur'd with blackneſs, ſhades, and curling ſmoke,
Prodigious lightnings from the darkneſs broke;
While raging thunders round the welkin fly,
Th' ethereal trumpet ſounding loud and high.
Adoring low the pious nation bend,
And now the ſolemn voice of God attend:
The angel ſhifts the ſcene, and leaves the reſt
Inimitable all, and not to be expreſs'd.
The curtain'd Tabernacle next he paints,
Nor colours for the gay pavilion wants:
The golden altar, with attending prieſts,
Their ſacred pomp, and inſtituted veſts.
Then brings the favour'd tribes where Jordan flows:
And all the well-known bord'ring landſkip ſhews.
An airy conqueſt on Bethoron's plain,
The warlike ſons of Jacob now obtain:
Before the troops a glorious leader ſtands,
A painted jav'line balanc'd in his hands;
He boldly thus the rolling orbs commands.
Thou ſun! to lengthen this victorious day,
With ling'ring beams on lofty Gibeah ſtay:

And thou, fair morn! retard thy hasty flight,
And gild the vales of Ajalon at night.
This said, the flying army they pursue,
And all the Amorean kings o'erthrew.
The promis'd land entirely gain'd, they spread
Their peaceful dwellings round Moriah's head
But with the night the pleasing vision flies;
Gabriel unseal'd the youthful prophet's eyes:
His senses from the heav'nly trance releas'd,
And all the sacred agitation ceas'd.
The thoughtful keeper early to the vault
Descends, and thence the injur'd pris'ner brought;
Treats him with kindness, and a just regard,
And gave him all the freedom of the ward.
Of Pharaoh's servants two were here detain'd,
The steward, who his table did command,
With him that fill'd the royal cup with wine;
Suspected both as traitors in design.
Joseph, observing a dejected air
Sat heavy in their eyes, with friendly care
Enquires the cause, which freely both reveal,
Mysterious dreams of the past night they tell.
And thus the first:—Methought a bulky vine
Grew up unprop'd, three waving branches shine
With purple grapes, and to my hand incline:
I press'd the tempting fruit without control,
Then gave to Pharaoh's hand the flowing bowl.
The next begins:—Three canisters replete
With royal viands, and luxurious meat,
Oppress'd my drooping head, while birds of prey
With direful croakings snatch'd the food away.
Unhappy man! thy dream from God was sent,
The Hebrew said, and full of black portent:

The third returning day ſhall bring thy doom,
When thou a prey to vultures ſhalt become.
Then to the firſt, theſe joyful comments ſound;
Before the ſun has twice fulfill'd his round,
Thou with thy former honours ſhalt be crown'd.
But in the triumph of thy proſp'rous fate,
Kindly remember my unhappy ſtate,
Who by the blackeſt falſhood here am ſtay'd;
To this the man a courtier's promiſe made.

BOOK VIII.

Joſeph's miſtreſs languiſhes in ſorrow and remorſe for her treachery; which ſhe confeſſes in the agonies of death. Pharaoh's prophetic dreams interpreted by Joſeph. His grandeur and marriage with the daughter of an Egyptian prieſt.

BUT now Sabrina's guilty fire returns;
Her boſom with the raging paſſion burns:
She with a female tenderneſs relents,
And all her former cruelty repents.
By her accus'd, in chains the captive lies,
For whom ſhe fondly languiſhes and dies.
Tormented, and enraged, ſhe often curſt
Her pride, her folly, and revengeful luſt.
A deep remorſe, from conſcience of her ſin,
With conſtant horrors vex her ſoul within.
Her thoughts ten thouſand racking torments feel,
Yet in her treach'rous crime obdurate ſtill.

Her life and youthful ſpirits melt away;
Her beauty withers with a ſwift decay:
By day ſhe wildly raves, conſumes the night
In thoughtleſs watchings, and imagin'd fright;
While airy terrors glide before her ſight.
Pale ghoſts with wide deſtorted eye-balls ſtare,
And burning ſpectres through the darkneſs glare,
Till forc'd by fate, and torments more intenſe,
To vindicate ſuſpected innocence,
To Potiphar the hidden truth ſhe tells,
And all the faithleſs myſtery reveals.

And now he comes—inſulting death! ſhe cries,
Perpetual darkneſs ſwims before my eyes.
If there are Gods that human things regard,
My monſtrous crimes will meet a juſt reward.
Oh, ſacred virtue! at thine awful name
I ſtart, and all my former thoughts diſclaim;
For thou art no fantaſtick empty thing,
From thee alone unmingled pleaſures ſpring.
The world, the boundleſs univerſe I'd give,
My firſt unblemiſh'd honour to retrieve:
'Tis vainly wiſh'd!—to ſome ſtrange realms below,
Some dark uncomfortable coaſts I go.

She ſpoke,—and gaſping in the pangs of death,
With ling'ring agonies reſign'd her breath:
While Joſeph by the courtier was forgot;
Till fate the period of his freedom brought.

Th' Egyptian monarch from a ſhort repoſe,
And troubled viſions, with the morning roſe.
To explain the doubtful omens in his breaſt,
He ſummons ev'ry planetary prieſt:
Their orders, which to diff'rent ſtars belong,
Were ſoon aſſembled, a ſurpriſing throng;

Sullen their looks, and varied was their veſt;
A wild Devotion through the whole expreſs'd.
One wore a mantle of a leaden hue,
Travelling behind a ſweeping length it drew;
With Poppies, Aconite, and Hellebore,
Mandrake, and Nightſhade, ſtrangely figur'd o'er;
A treble twiſt of ſerpents curling round,
With monſtrous ornament the foldings bound.
With ſome a verdant foreſt ſeem'd to move,
Their flowing robes with palmy branches wove.
With panthers, bears, and ev'ry ſavage beaſt
Expreſs'd in lively colours, ſome were dreſs'd.
On others eagles ſpread their wings; on ſome
Appear'd the oſtrich' hieroglyphick plume;
While others wore a painted crocodile,
With all the monſtrous progeny of Nile.
Naſar, a youth vow'd to the morning ſtar,
With budding roſes had adorn'd his hair.
His raiment of ineſtimable coſt
Glitter'd with pearl, an imitated froſt.
O'erſpread with landſkips wrought in miniature,
ſurpriſing ſcenes the raviſh'd ſight allure:
Clear fountains, flow'ry walks, and myrtle groves;
Peacoks with gaudy trains, and ſhining doves.
The prince with anxious looks relates his dreams,
The doubtful ſages ſearch their heav'nly ſchemes;
But all their ſtars were mute, the meaning flies
In trackleſs darkneſs, and obſcure diſguiſe.
The bearer of the cup did now reflect
On his paſt danger, and his baſe neglect;
And thus his royal maſter he addreſs'd:
Be Pharaoh's bounty, and my guilt confeſs'd,
When with my fellow-criminal detain'd,
We by thy juſtice in the ward remain'd,

A Hebrew youth, unjuſtly there confin'd,
From nightly omens which preplex'd the mind,
With clear conviction did our lot unfold;
My honour, and the ſteward's doom foretold.
Amidſt the ſolemn darkneſs of the night,
His cell was glitter'd with ethereal light;
For highly favour'd by th' immortal Gods,
To viſit him they left their bright abodes.

Joſeph, unfetter'd, they from priſon bring,
By Heav'n inſpir'd, he ſtands before the King;
Who thus repeats his dream: Methought I ſtood
On the fair borders of our ſacred flood;
While, curious, I ſurvey'd the ſpreading ſtream,
Seven bulky oxen from the river came,
Fat and well-favour'd: o'er the verdant mead
They proudly rang'd, and on the paſture fed;
When juſt their number roſe, of aſpect ſour,
Ill ſhap'd, and meagre, who the firſt devour.
The ſcene was chang'd, when ſpringing in my walk,
Seven blades of corn adorn'd one bending ſtalk
Ripen'd and full; when, lo! a ſecond rears
His blaſted top, with ſeven unfruitful ears;
This ſwallow'd greedily the former ſtore,
As the lean oxen did the fat before.
I woke with great anxiety oppreſs'd,
And for the meaning ev'ry God addreſs'd.

The Almighty God o'er earth and ſkies ſupreme,
The youthful prophet cries, has ſent this dream
To Pharaoh, which diſcovers future things;
What changes on the world his pleaſure brings.
With one intent the ſacred viſion came,
Of both the hidden meaning is the ſame.

Seven plenteous years begin their joyful round,
The fields with boundleſs harveſt ſhall be crown'd;

The ſeven unproſp'rous years ſhall theſe devour,
And leave no remnant of the former ſtore.
But that the people and the king may live,
This counſel Heav'n commiſſions me to give,
That waſteful luxury ſhould be reſtrain'd,
And wiſe intendants through the realm ordain'd:
Let theſe againſt the threat'ning ill provide.
Lay up the corn, and o'er the ſtores preſide.
This youth by ſome propitious pow'r was ſent,
The prince replies, our ruin to prevent:
Then bids them an imperial veſtment bring,
And from his finger draws a coſtly ring:
And this, he ſaid, a ſacred pledge ſhall be
Of thoſe bright honours I reſerve for thee.
My pow'r, my kingdom I to thee reſign,
The ſov'reign title only ſhall be mine;
To thee my nobleſt favourites ſhall bow,
Our guardian God, our great preſerver thou!
His ſecond chariot then the king ordains
Should be prepar'd: white ſteeds with ſcarlet reins,
The triumph drew; they champ the golden bit,
And ſpurn the duſty ground with airy feet.
On high with princely pomp the youth was plac'd
With marks of pow'r, and regal enſigns grac'd;
Gay heralds, *bow the knee*, before him cry,
The crowd adore him as he paſſes by:
Nor here the royal favours were confin'd,
Great Pharaoh's daughter is his bride deſign'd.
The night had twice in-ſable triumph reign'd,
And twice the circling light its empire gain'd:
When from his high apartment Joſeph ſees
A lofty temple, through the waving trees,
To Iſis vow'd: He from the glided dome,
Raviſh'd, beheld a beauteous virgin come.

An artleſs modeſty improves her face,
An elegant reſerve, and matchleſs grace;
A roſy tincture in her cheeks appears,
Lovely as that the blooming morning wears:
Her eyes a ſprightly blue; her length of hair
Diſhevell'd hung, like threads of ſilver fair.
Long ſtrings of jet and pearl, in mingled twiſts,
Adorn'd her well-ſhap'd neck, and ſlender wriſts.
Her robes were heav'nly azure, ſprinkled o'er
With ſtars; a creſcent on her breaſt ſhe wore.
The wounded Hebrew for the virgin ſigh'd,
And felt a growing paſſion yet untry'd:
Her lovely image, on his mind impreſs'd,
Had fix'd her empire in his yielding breaſt.
But, oh! what anguiſh did his ſoul invade,
When he was told, the lov'd enchanting maid
At Iſis' holy ſhrine devoutly bow'd,
A virgin prieſteſs to the goddeſs vow'd?
This, this, he cry'd, muſt all my hopes confound,
Helpleſs my grief, incurable my wound!
Mean time the fame uncontradicted goes,
That he th' Egyptian princeſs muſt eſpouſe.
Pain'd and diſtreſs'd, he hears the ſpreading news,
And dreads the offer, which he muſt refuſe,
Or with diſſembled vows the imperial maid abuſe.
Aſenah's pow'r (that was the prieſteſs' name)
Would in his breaſt admit no rival flame.
The royal maid no leſs unhappy prov'd,
Who long illuſtrious Orramel had lov'd;
An Ethiopian prince, whoſe faultleſs face
And ſhape exceeded all the tawny race.
His features nobly turn'd, his piercing eyes
Sparkl'd like ſtars amidſt the gloomy ſkies;

At once they dazzled, and engag'd the ſight
With awful luſtre, and imperious light.
Black as a midnight cloud, his yielding hair
In eaſy curls waves to the gentle air.
The princeſs, pain'd with ſecret diſcontent,
Her father's purpoſe labours to prevent;
In vain! the king obſtructs her young deſires,
But firſt the pleaſure of the gods enquires.
Juſt Potiphera, an unblemiſh'd prieſt,
His piety ſincere, but ill addreſs'd,
While fragrant incenſe round the temple ſmokes,
Oſiris from the monarch he invokes.
The fiends, in hopes to croſs the great deſign,
And awful will of providence divine,
With penalties forbid the king's intent,
The Hebrew's future greatneſs to prevent:
Then nam'd the fair Aſenath for his bride,
And blindly with eternal fate comply'd:
Effecting Heav'n's predeſtinated ends,
While Joſeph's ruin envious hell intends;
Nor doubts the young idolatreſs would prove
His ſnare, and ſoon ſeduce him with her love.
The prieſt, yet trembling, near the altar ſtands,
And dreads the ſacrilege the god commands.
My daughter nam'd! he cries, to Iſis vow'd
By myſtick rites, which no reverſe allow'd!
It muſt be ſo—The gods pronounce it fit,
The prieſt his will, the king muſt his ſubmit.
The maid reluctant leaves the holy ſhrine,
But yields obedience to the pow'rs divine.
The gift, as Heav'n's, the joyful youth regards,
Which thus bright virtue crowns, and ſacred truth rewards.

BOOK IX.

The ſeven plenteous years: with the enſuing years of ſcarcity. Joſeph's character as regent over the land of Egypt. Jacob diſtreſs'd with the famine ſends his ſons thither for corn. Joſeph diſcovers his brethren, but is unknown of them: Pretends to ſuſpect them as publick ſpies, and keeps them three days in priſon; at laſt ſends them back, with a charge to bring their younger brother with them, and detains Simeon as an hoſtage till their return.

THE jocund years with ſmiling plenty crown'd,
In ſhining circles now advanc'd their round:
Unbounded crops reward the reaper's toil,
And ruſtick pleaſures chear the banks of Nile.
The Hebrew, late advanc'd by royal grace,
With dignity and ſplendour fills his place,
Still watchful for the publick good, with care
Reſtrains exceſs, by penalties ſevere,
While juſtice, truth, and temp'rate virtue, reign'd
Amidſt the height of plenty through the land:
His prudent ſway the grateful people bleſs,
In all the calm ſerenity of peace.

But ſoon the ſmiling years their period run,
A gloomy æra now its courſe begun:
Pale famine comes, with her malignant train,
Dries up the ſprings, and taints the fertile plain:
The trees decay, each flow'r, and balmy plant
Pine at their roots, and vital humour want:

No pearly moiſture on the meadow lies;
To fan the air no gentle breezes riſe.
The languid moon ſheds from her ſilent ſphere
No cooling dews, the thirſty earth to chear.
A ſultry night enſues a ſcorcing day;
While diſmal ſigns the fiery clouds diſplay.
Nor Egypt mourns alone her blaſted ground,
Pale famine ſtalks through all the regions round:
Moriah's plain, and Hermon's flow'ry hill
Wither'd and bare, the hot contagion feel:
That fertile climate, by peculiar grace,
Deſign'd the lot of Abraham's future race.
Where long with peace, and fatal plenty gay,
The pagan princes bore imperial ſway,
Their crimes not full:—While Jacob ſojourn'd here
A ſtranger, as his great forefathers were:
The common fate he ſhares, with famine preſs'd,
And for his num'rous family diſtreſs'd:
He ſends his ſons, by heav'nly conduct led,
To Egypt's plenteous granaries for bread:
Domeſtick wants require their utmoſt haſte,
And Zoan's regal tow'rs they reach at laſt.
With ſoft Aſſyria, now in all her pride
Of wealth and grandeur, Pharaoh's palace vy'd:
More honour'd ſtill the riſing fav'rite grew,
No bounds his royal maſter's kindneſs knew:
His graceful perſon, charming to the ſight,
Majeſtick, yet more mild than morning light:
His virtues, every grateful tongue employ,
The people's boaſt, their wonder, and their joy.
All private views were to his ſoul unknown,
He made the kingdom's welfare ſtill his own:
Th' oppreſſor's wrongs are by his pow'r redreſs'd,
He guards the orphan, ſuccours the diſtreſs'd;

His fame to distant countries flies abroad,
While Egypt names him as her guardian god.
Assiduous still his officers attend, [send;
Where neigh'bring states their num'rous envoys
Who for themselves, and pining race, implore
The food of life from his abundant store.

Among the foremost of the suppliant crowd
The Hebrew swains with low submission bow'd;
With stern regard each kindred face he views,
Their sight the late detested scene renews;
Their parting malice and inhuman rage
To just revenge his swelling thoughts engage.
Long silent in a gloomy pause he stands;
At last their country, business, name, demands.

My lord, thy servants, (with a modest grace,
Judah replies) are all of Hebrew race:
Twelve brethren late, a joyful father's boast,
Till one, by some unhappy chance was lost;
The youngest with his aged sire remains
The darling, which his drooping life sustains:
To purchase corn we come, our failing breath,
An infant race, to save from ling'ring death.

Thy tale, he said, unfolds its own disguise;
By Pharaoh's sacred life, you all are spies:
Then to the guards with stern command he turns,
While yet resentment in his bosom burns;
In close confinement be these men retain'd,
Till we some knowledge of their plot have gain'd.

With just remorse, and secret horror struck,
The conscious Hebrews at each other look,
In foreign accents, to the guards unknown,
Their length of unrepented sin they own;
Joseph, not yet withdrawn, their language hears,
And hastes away, to hide the gushing tears.

Oh! we are guilty of our brother's blood,
Though Heav'n th'intended fratricide withſtood:
With unrelenting hate, for ſordid gold,
The gentle youth to Midianites we ſold
A ſlave, and ſuch perhaps he ſtill may live;
Almighty God, the monſtrous crime forgive!
Unmov'd we ſaw the anguiſh of his breaſt,
In mournful looks, and flowing tears expreſs'd:
Unmov'd, and loſt to nature, virtue, ſenſe,
Unmov'd we heard his tender eloquence.
Such beauty, innocence, and blooming grace
Would have ſubdu'd in wilds a ſavage race. [hide?
What caves, what, dungeons, ſhould ſuch monſters
We ſtand condemn'd, and Heav'n is juſtify'd.

When Reuben, who the barbarous fact diſclaim'd,
In theſe ſad terms their former malice blam'd,
Would Heav'n your flowing tears might waſh away
The bloody ſtains of that deteſted day:
Its horror, with eternal grief, I trace;
The ſoft impreſſion of my brother's face,
Dwells on my heart, the tragic ſcene I view,
The mournful objects is for ever new.
Methinks I ſee the anguiſh, the ſurpriſe,
The melting ſorrow in his lovely eyes,
While kneeling, pleading all the tender claims
Of kindred blood, he ſingly call'd your names,
And one by one invok'd—what power I had,
Was all employ'd to ſave the guiltleſs lad:
His filial love and goodneſs, free from art,
Touch'd every tender motion in my heart,
When for his drooping father's hoary age
He try'd your ſoft compaſſion to engage:
I hear his cries, while round his ſuppliant hands,
Without remorſe you ty'd the cruel bands;

My ſoul is wounded with the farewel groan,
When to the yawning pit you forc'd him down.
What helliſh frenzy bid your boſoms fire
Againſt ſuch youth and virtue to conſpire?
What was his mighty crime?—a childiſh dream,
A ſleeping fancy's viſionary ſcheme:
His blood's aveng'd—While here we lie confin'd
Our wretched offspring are with famine pin'd.
Their eldeſt brother's juſt reproach thy own,
And humbly now addreſs th' eternal throne,
With penitence ſincere they inly mourn,
While thrice the day and tedious night return.
Mean time the thoughtful regent in his breaſt
The firſt vindictive motions had ſuppreſt.
When early for the Hebrew train he ſends,
And kindneſs in a ſtern diſguiſe intends;
Conducted to his preſence, proſtrate all
(As once their ſheaves before his ſheaf) they fall.
The pow'r that ſits above the ſtars I fear,
He ſaid, nor ſhall you find injuſtice here:
To prove that you have no clandeſtine view,
Nor hoſtile aim, but are to honour true,
One of your kindred number left behind,
Th' attending guards ſhall as an hoſtage bind;
Secure from wrong, the captive ſhall remain,
If at ſet limits you return again:
But be for ever exiles from the place,
Nor ever hope again to ſee my face,
Unleſs you bring your youngeſt brother here,
No more on Egypt's fatal coſt appear;
Be this a proof your words have no diſguiſe,
Or you by Pharaoh's ſacred life are ſpies.
Alas! my lord, in tents thy ſervants ſleep,
The ſwains reply, our herds and bleating ſheep

Engroſs our humble cares, no martial claims
Diſturb our minds, no wild ambitious aims;
Strangers to pompous courts, the flow'ry field,
And tuneful grove, to us their pleaſures yield;
Unenvy'd there, ſecure from noiſe and ſtrife,
In harmleſs eaſe we ſpend a peaceful life;
Our coſtlieſt banquets in ſome balmy ſhade,
With nature's ſimple luxury are made;
No dreams of grandeur, no aſpiring thought,
Thy ſervants to the Memphian limits brought;
Diſtreſs'd with famine, to this friendly ſhore
We came, your kind aſſiſtance to implore.
This ſaid, they find themſelves diſmiſs'd at laſt
With full ſupplies, and to their country haſte.
When ſcarce arriv'd before their father's tent,
His buſy thoughts preſag'd ſome ſad event;
The captive ſon was miſs'd—his fears t' expel,
Th' unpleaſing truth in ſoothing words they tell.
With temper, every circumſtance he hears,
Till the fond prop of his declining years,
His Benjamin was nam'd—that cruel part,
In ſpite of all their well-meant flatt'ring art,
With piercing anguiſh wounds his inmoſt ſoul,
No pleas of reaſon can its force control.
His hoary head with weighty ſorrow preſs'd,
Dejected ſunk upon his penſive breaſt.
The careful trav'llers now their ſacks unty'd,
Surpris'd, their coin reſtor'd again they ſpy'd.
What can theſe myſt'ries mean, good Jacob ſaid,
What fatal ſtorm is breaking o'er my head?
Why is my life prolong'd?, of bliſs bereſt?
Joſeph is not:—My ſingle comfort leſt,
To diſtant climes an exile you would bear,
Againſt me all theſe ſad events appear;

But know, the flame of life shall quit my heart
Ere with the lovely blooming youth I part.
Content we then must sacrifice our lives,
Our guiltless offspring and our tender wives,
Judah replies, condemn'd to perish here,
And ne'er again on Egypt's coasts appear:
The man, the mighty ruler of the land,
With eyes to Heav'n address'd, and lifted hand,
The man protested with a solemn grace,
Not one of us should ever see his face,
Nor other proof our innocence should clear,
Unless we brought our youngest brother there.
And why would you that needless truth make known,
Or that you had a younger brother own?
The anxious parent said.—Alas! could we,
Reuben replies, the consequence foresee?
Or had the certainty been fully known,
Could we, with specious lies, the fact disown?
Or straitly question'd, by a man so great,
Conceal our publick or domestick state?
Indeed he roughly talk'd, but still there broke
Some secret pity through his fiercest look;
However dark the past events appear,
We've nothing from such clemency to fear;
Where'er with easy state he pass'd along,
His virtues echo'd through the shouting throng:
Then why, my honour'd sire, these vain delays?
Paternal cares a thousand scruples raise;
Your Simeon bound, a slave unransom'd lies,
Our time's elaps'd, and we condemn'd for spies:
Commit your darling to my faithful hand,
Of me again the sacred pledge demand.

Two lovely boys, adorn'd with every grace,
Secure I leave as ſureties in his place;
If any negligence my honour ſtain,
Without compaſſion let them both be ſlain.
Half yielding now he ſtands—Their houſhold
ſtraits,
Judah with artleſs eloquence repeats.
With falt'ring ſpeech, and anguiſh in his eyes,
Then go in peace, the vanquiſh'd patriarch cries;
Celeſtial providence your ſteps attend,
And angel guards from every ill defend;
With doubl'd money for your corn advance,
Perhaps the reſtoration was a chance;
But take ſome grateful preſent in your hand,
The balmy products of your native land:
And be th' eternal majeſty implor'd,
(The God my great progenitors ador'd)
To grant you favour in the ruler's ſight,
And bring your injur'd innocence to light:
But know, if miſchief ſhould the lad attend,
My hoary hairs down to the grave you ſend.

BOOK X.

The Hebrews return with their youngeſt brother into Egypt. Joſeph treats them with great kindneſs and a ſplendid entertainment; but ſtill he conceals his relation to them. At laſt they are diſmiſs'd with plentiful ſupplies of corn; but the ſteward, as commanded by his Lord, ſecretly conveys a ſilver cup into Benjamin's ſack. After they are gone out of the city, he purſues and charges them with the pretended theft; and at laſt he finds it in Benjamin's ſack. They return with great conſternation, when Joſeph diſcovers himſelf to them.

THEIR father's bleſſing on their knees they take,
And now to Memphis quick advances make,
Where ſafe arriv'd, but fearful of their doom,
To Joſeph's ſteward haſtily they come,
Diſcloſe in humble terms their late miſtake,
And render doubl'd all the money back.
Your father's God, he ſaid, your coin reſtor'd,
'Twas juſtly paid, then leads them to his lord.
Their gifts, with proſtrate homage, they preſent;
His gracious ſmiles their riſing doubts prevent;
Forgetful of himſelf, with eager haſte,
He forward ſtept, and Benjamin embrac'd:
His heart expands with ſympathetick joy,
While in his arms he folds the wond'ring boy;
Fond nature ſtruggles with the vain diſguiſe,
A brother ſparkles in his radiant eyes:
Scarce all his grandeur from the gentle youth
(With mutual rapture touch'd) conceals the truth;

And half diſclos'd the kindred ſoul appears,
Till Joſeph flies to hide the ſwelling tears,
That melting love and ſoft ſurpriſe excite,
But recollected, ſoon returns in ſight.
Conducts them now into a ſpacious hall,
Where well-worn ſlaves, obſequious to the call,
To luxury inur'd, with artful care,
A ſplendid banquet inſtantly prepare;
Embroider'd carpets cover all the ground,
While fragrant ointments ſpread their odours round
Large ſilver lavers, with officious care,
The gay attendants round the circle bear.
And now, with coſtly fare and ſparkling wine
Of various ſorts, the loaded tables ſhine,
Beneath a glitt'ring canopy of ſtate
In Tyrian robes the graceful regent ſat;
With all the bounty of a royal feaſt
He nobly entertains each Hebrew gueſt:
Their hoſtage freed the mutual joy compleats,
In order plac'd, they take their deſtin'd ſeats:
With ſprightly wines, and ſocial converſe gay,
In guiltleſs mirth they ſpend the fleeting day.
In calm repoſe ſupinely paſs the night,
Till riſing with the morning's roſy light,
They haſte away, with full proviſions ſtor'd,
In every ſack (as order'd by his lord)
Their coin the ſteward ſecretly convey'd;
A ſilver cup in Benjamin's was laid.
Secure the ſuburbs utmoſt bounds were paſt,
When with a feign'd concern and anxious haſte,
He overtakes the hindmoſt of the train,
And thus accoſts them in an angry ſtrain.
How could you thus, ungrateful and unjuſt,
Againſt the rules of hoſpitable truſt,

Combine, the conſecrated cup to ſteal,
By which my lord does ſecret things reveal.
With what ſtrange meaning is thy language fraught,
Surpris'd, they cry, we're guiltleſs, even in thought,
And by th' immortal God, we dare proteſt,
Such black deſigns are ſtrangers to our breaſt.
Our coin unaſk'd exactly we reſtor'd,
How ſhould we then abuſe thy injur'd lord,
And baſely, gold or ſilver from him ſteal,
While recent favours yet our thanks compel?
If ſuch enormous guilt our boſoms ſtain,
Vaſſals for life thy ſervants ſhall remain;
The wretch, convicted of a crime ſo high,
Unpity'd here before thy face ſhall die.
Content, he ſaid, and ſearch'd their burdens round;
At laſt, the cup in Benjamin's was found:
With wild deſpair, their folding veſts they rent,
And backward to the royal office went.
The regent here, but oh! how chang'd they find,
No more the mild, beneficent and kind,
But fiercely aſking, in an alter'd tone,
What wrong is this your guilty hands have done?
You well might know, where dreſs and learning ſhine,
A man, like me, muſt certainly divine.
Proſtrate they fall, while Judah for the reſt,
With mingled ſighs their mutual grief expreſs'd.
What can I ſay?—How ſhall thy ſervant ſpeak?
In what pathetick words my ſilence break?
What energy of language ſhall I find,
To paint the wild diſtraction of my mind?
Juſtice divine, with keen revenge begins
To reckon up our lengthen'd ſcore of ſins;

Our ſecret crimes, this rigorous ſtroke, demand;
And ſelf-condemn'd, we here thy vaſſals ſtand.
No,—cries the gracious Regent, only he
With whom the cup was found, my ſlave ſhall be;
Return in peace, your needleſs fears reſign,
This youth, a publick criminal, is mine.
When Judah thus (ſtill gently drawing near)
Be pleas'd, my lord, to lend a gracious ear,
While I the tender circumſtance repeat,
And for my father's hoary age intreat.
Two lovely boys, the pleaſure of his life,
And only offspring of a beauteous wife,
The elder Branch, by an untimely death,
Snatch'd from his arms, long ſince reſign'd his breath;
The youngeſt who does now his care engage,
The ſingle prop of his declining age,
The conſtant theme of every pleaſing thought,
Your ſtrict command, my lord, has hither brought:
Our ſire (thy ſervant) long refus'd to grant
The preſſing ſuit, till forc'd by meagre want,
And juſt concern, to clear our injur'd truth,
He to my conduct gave the gentle youth.
But oh! what killing anguiſh pierc'd his heart,
When thus compell'd with Benjamin to part:
With all the eloquence that filial love
Could e'er inſpire to calm his fears I ſtrove;
But all in vain, on diſmal thoughts intent,
If miſchief ſhould his blooming life prevent,
My hoary hairs, he ſaid, with grief oppreſs'd,
Muſt to the gloomy grave deſcend for reſt.
And I, unhappy, whither ſhall I go
To ſhun that dark diſtracting ſcene of woe?

My father's wretchedneſs I cannot ſee,
Depriv'd of every future joy by me;
For I, with all the arguments I had,
Became myſelf a ſurety for the lad,
And muſt again the precious pledge reſtore,
Or ſee my aged parent's face no more.
My lord, you ſeem to have a tender heart,
(Though ſometimes forc'd to act a rig'rous part)
This firſt, unfortunate offence, forgive,
Or let thy ſervant here a vaſſal live.
A bondſlave, in my youngeſt brother's ſtead,
Condemn'd no more my native ſoil to tread.
No longer Joſeph could his tears control,
Or hide the ſoft emotions of his ſoul;
Relenting ſigns the watchful Hebrews ſaw,
In haſte he bids th' attendants all withdraw.
I am your brother Joſeph, then he cries,
With tears and melting goodneſs in his eyes,
That brother you to Midian merchants ſold
On Dothan's plain—Nor need the reſt be told.
The cruel fact, alas! too well they knew,
And, with diſorder'd looks, each other view.
He then demands—How fares my honour'd ſire?
Confus'd and mute they farther off retire;
A guilty ſhame on every face was ſpread,
Come near, my brethren, then he mildly ſaid,
Reflect not on yourſelves, with thoughts ſevere.
It was not you, but God, that ſent me here;
His goodneſs rul'd the circumſtance and place,
To ſave the ſtock of Abraham's ſacred race;
Five years of cruel famine yet remain,
While, deſtitute of hope, the careful ſwain
Shall neither ſow nor reap—The burning ſoil,
Untill'd ſhall lie, or mock his fruitleſs toil;

But Heav'n has ſent me here, to ſave your lives,
Your infant offspring, and your tender wives.
Th' Egyptian king, in every virtue great,
Ordains me ſecond ruler in the ſtate;
The ſtrength, the pow'r, the wealth of all the land,
Without reſtraint, are truſted to my hand.
Return, and in my father's ears relate
The plenty, pomp, and grandeur of my ſtate;
Tell him, I long his hoary age to greet,
And throw myſelf in raptures at his feet:
Let him come down to Goſhen's healthful air,
His whole domeſtick charge ſhall be my care.
Diſmiſs your fears—This painful ſilence break!
You ſee a friend! you hear a brother ſpeak!
Behold the tender motions of my heart,
No more diſguis'd with grandeur, or with art!
Regard me well, the kindred features trace,
You'll find the prints of nature in my face!
Then claſping round his youngeſt brother's neck
No longer ſtrives the guſhing tears to check;
The friendly ardor throws off all diſguiſe,
While nature ſits triumphant in his eyes;
Nor leſs delight tranſports the gentle youth,
Replete with goodneſs, innocence and truth;
In mutual ſympathy their ſouls were ty'd,
And more by virtue than by birth ally'd.
Saluting then the reſt, with mild addreſs,
He clears their doubts and ſoftens their diſtreſs;
Converſing freely, now they quit their fears,
While Pharaoh, pleas'd, the new adventure hears;
And in his clemency, and royal grace,
Commands the viceroy ſome ſelected place
Should be aſſign'd on Goſhen's rich champain
His father's num'rous charge to entertain.

The regent now, impatient of delay,
With coſtly preſents ſends the men away;
But with a ſparkling Babylonian veſt
His youngeſt friend was grac'd above the reſt.
Make haſte, he ſaid, to bring my father down.
Tell him I live, and be my greatneſs known;
Take waggons, for convenience on the way,
Your wives and helpleſs children to convey;
Nor care to gather up your needleſs ſtores,
The wealth of Zoan's plenteous land is yours.
At Hebron ſoon their ſpeedy journey ends,
The good old man their coming now attends;
Where ſcarce arriv'd, at once they all relate
The welcome news of Joſeph's proſp'rous ſtate.
Why would you mock my woe with airy ſchemes,
(He fainting ſaid) of gay fantaſtick dreams?
But ſoon the loaded carriages appear,
Recal his life, his drooping ſpirits chear.
My Joſeph lives! (tranſporting truth) he cries,
I'll ſee his face and cloſe my aged eyes:
Content, reſign theſe poor remains of breath,
And gently reſt in the calm ſhades of death.

THE END.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

OFFSPRING of Iſrael, by peculiar grace
Diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt of human race,
When ſplendid names and haughty titles proud,
Fav'rites of Heav'n, the choſen ſeed of God;
Too bleſt with Saul your conqu'ring armies led,
And Jonathan commanded at their head;
With a long train of ſhining glories crown'd,
The envy and the dread of nations round;
Now preſs'd beneath a loſs without relief,
And only great and eminent in grief;
In all the pomp of moving ſorrow come,
To pay vain honours at your prince's tomb.
Your beauty and your glory loſt deplore;
The great are fall'n, the mighty are no more.
Let all mankind the glorious dead bemoan,
From pole to pole be the wide ruin known.
Ye gentle ſtreams, with your kind waves diffuſe
Throughout the realms you bliſs, the diſmal news,
And bid the unbounded waters, as they flow,
Convey to worlds unknown the mighty woe.
Winds, that in tempeſts Heav'n's juſt wrath declare,
And you that in ſoft murmurs fan the air,
In all your fleeting courſes through the ſky,
Bear on your wings our loſs, and ſpread it as you fly:
Only of Gath and Aſcalon beware,
Nor whiſper out the fatal ſecret there;

Leaſt the deteſted race, our ancient hate,
Hear the ſad ſound, and triumph in our fate.
Ah! 'tis in vain, the long untaſted joys
Already fill their minds with glade ſurprize,
Glow in their cheeks, and ſparkle in their eyes.
The vile idolaters the temples crowd,
With coſtly ſpices ev'ry altar load;
And while the ſky's obſcur'd with fragrant ſmoke,
Their ſenſeleſs fancied deities invoke,
Their impious madneſs openly proclaim,
And loud blaſpheme th' *unutterable name*,
With niceſt art, the unbelieving fair
Give a new luſtre to each tempting air,
Point ev'ry dart, and level all their charms,
To win ſome haughty warriour to their arms,
O'er ſome great chief an eaſy conqueſt gain,
And drag the conqu'ror in a willing chain.
The barb'rous poets tune their loftieſt lays,
To reach in awkward notes the victor's praiſe;
In artleſs numbers celebrate the day,
And boaſt of victory and of Gilboa.
Gilboa! curſt mount! thou ever hated ground,
To after-times by our defeat renown'd!
No more on thee let ſacred incenſe riſe,
Perfume the neighb'ring plains, and glut the greedy ſkies;
No more on thee let gentle dews deſcend,
Nor Heav'n of fruitful ſhow'rs the ſuccour lend,
The deſart earth nor fruits, nor herbage know,
But all be wild and barren as our woe!
Since upon thee our princes fell, the ſhield
Vilely abandon'd on thy guilty field!
Thou ſaw'ſt the dreadful ruin we deplore,
On thee the great are fall'n, the mighty are no more.

O Saul! O Jonathan! illuſtrious pair!
How great! how good! how excellent you were!
In peace our only pleaſure and delight,
Our only ſafety and defence in fight!
Philiſtiah oft' has felt Saul's mighty hand
Scatt'ring wide deſolation o'er the land;
Nor leſs the force of Jonathan has mourn'd,
Whoſe ſword ne'er empty to his ſheath return'd;
But deeply ſtain'd, and glutted well with gore,
The nobleſt and the beſt the hated nation bore.
Leſs ſwift the eagle bears his prize away,
Leſs fierce the lion rends the painting prey.
Alike their ſkill, alike their matchleſs art,
To twang the far-reſounding bow, and dart
The never-erring jav'lin to the heart:
Alike they dar'd, and fought, and overcame,
The ſame their martial fire and thirſt of fame;
Ah! that their hapleſs end ſhould alſo be the ſame!
That hapleſs end we ever muſt deplore,
The great are fall'n, the mighty are no more.
Ye num'rous fair that Iſrael's court adorn,
Above the reſt, your prince, your monarch mourn;
For yours he was, ſtoop'd to our pow'r alone,
Your pow'r that only could exceed his own.
How was he pleas'd when he from conqueſt came,
Crown'd with freſh laurels and eternal fame,
A fair, a radient circle to behold,
Clade in rich ſilk, and proud in pompous gold!
Who ſtopt the noiſy triumph in its way,
And made the greateſt ſplendor of the day;
Who in ſoft numbers, and melodious lays,
Made Heav'n's wide arch reſound the conqu'ror's
praiſe:

And by the charming muſic of their tongue,
Added new glories to the deeds they ſung;
Who with kind love could ſoften all his care,
And more than recompence the ſullen toils of war.
How have you ſtrove t'avert the fate we mourn!
Aſcending ſpices on each hill did burn,
And Heav'n was tir'd with vows for his return.
In vain, alas! you vow'd, in vain you pray'd,
In vain your unavailing off'rings paid;
Heav'n, by our crimes inceus'd, refus'd your pray'r,
And bad the wanton winds diſperſe it in the air.
At leaſt, lament the prince you could not ſave,
Shed a ſoft tear in pity on his grave;
Suſpend a while the conqueſts of your eyes,
And in true woe and unaffected ſighs,
Pay your laſt homage at his obſequies:
The vaſt, the univerſal loſs deplore,
The great are fall'n, the mighty are no more.
But my wild grief no limits e'er ſhall know,
Who to the public join a private woe:
Ne'er 'till my ſorrows with my life ſhall end,
I'll ceaſe to mourn my brother and my friend.
O Jonathan! like thee none ever knew,
To pay a debt to ſacred friendſhip due:
'Tis not in words or numbers, to expreſs
Thy vaſt, thy unexampled tenderneſs.
Not the ſoft maid, but lately taught to prove
The wild diſorders of unruly love;
Tho' the fierce paſſion reigns throughout her frame,
And all her ſoul is melting in the flame,
E'er felt a love like that which thou haſt ſhewn,
Soft as the tender ſex, and manly as thy own.
Yet thou art fall'n, alas! no more to riſe,
And death's cold ſleep ſits heavy on thine eyes.

Howe'er thy name ſhall live, the world ſhall know
What to thy honour'd memory I owe:
To all the wond'ring people I'll rehearſe
Thy deathleſs glories, in no vulgar verſe.
Thou in the firſt and nobleſt rank ſhalt ſtand
Of conſtant friends, a rare, but ſhining band!
Where'er unhappy virtue meets renown,
Where'er the name of love or friendſhip's known,
Thou ſhalt be ever ſung; taught by my lays,
Old men ſhall ſigh, and infants liſp thy praiſe,
And ev'ry age and nation ſhall deplore
The great men fall'n, the mighty now no more.

FINIS.

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